

THE COMING GENERAL ELECTION

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	433	POETRY:—	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		Shepherds who Pastures	
The Election and Its Issues	436	Seek. By Herbert Trench	447
Foch's Counter-stroke	437	THE WORLD OF BOOKS ...	448
The Tsar and After ...	438	REVIEWS:—	
THE MISHANDLING OF LABOR ...	439	The Philosophy of Conflict	450
A LONDON DIARY ...	441	Sir Joseph Hooker ...	452
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		A Naturalist and the	
By An Unknown Disciple ...	442	Georgics ...	454
A British Type ...	444	The Trump of Fiction ...	456
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ...	445	BOOKS IN BRIEF ...	456
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY ...	458

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Events of the Week

THE second Battle of the Marne differs from the first chiefly in the much shorter distance between the wings. Put Reims for Verdun and the elements of the situation are fundamentally changed; and it was the inability of the Germans to get round this pivot of the defence that conditioned and conditions the battle. Verdun came nearer to being cut off than Reims in the recent attack, and once von Einem had been decisively checked east of the city the struggle instead of being merely unproductive became potentially perilous. It was at this point that these notes left the battle last week. It was but the fourth day of the attack, but a check had been administered, and with the Germans holding a precarious bridgehead across the Marne, Foch struck what the Germans call the "long-expected counter-offensive." One day sufficed to give decisive results. General Mangin reached the Mont de Paris, a small plateau dominating Soissons with its great communications, from the south-west, and the whole line to Belleau moved forward.

At German headquarters a large staff of meteorologists is constantly at work studying the atmospheric conditions, so that an attack may be launched under the most favorable circumstances. Presumably the French meteorologists have other notions as to the best conditions for an attack, since the immediate antecedent of the counter-offensive was a violent thunderstorm. The noise effectively drowned the rumble of advancing tanks, and when the attack was launched the advancing French and American troops found officers in their beds, and further east men cutting rye. At the end of the first day the advance had proceeded over the whole front from two to six miles, and the Franco-British troops had taken several thousand prisoners and a considerable number of guns. The defence rallied early in the day, and the Germans fought with great vigor and skill against General Degoutte's Southern Army, and the advance was least on this sector. On Friday the Allies continued their progress in spite of the growing resistance of the German reserves. There were further captures of prisoners and guns, and the Germans quietly withdrew their troops across the Marne during the night. All along the battle front the fighting had been heavy. But the Allied counter-attack left the Germans no choice,

By this same movement the advance towards the Soissons-Chateau Thierry road had interrupted the supply of von Boehn's army on the south-west of the line, and Chateau Thierry had to be evacuated. It was the pin which held down the westernmost station on the Marne, and when the French entered it on Saturday German tenure of at least a good part of the Marne line was obviously insecure. The Allies were now crossing the Marne in pursuit of the retreating Germans. By Sunday evening the troops were across the Chateau-Thierry road, and a new German Army had been thrown in to redeem the situation. The British entered into the battle west of Reims, and speedily captured the important position at Marfaux, though only to lose it again. The advance here directly threatened to cut the only means by which the Germans on the Marne to the south could retreat, and the struggle to keep this door open continued for some days. On the Western flank the Germans also directed their defensive with a skilful estimate of the necessities of the situation. Oulchy-le-Chateau also became the centre of a vigorously contested action. With constantly repeated counter-attacks the enemy attempted to bring the Allied advance to a halt, but the troops continued to make progress.

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On Monday the Allies began to push the Germans back from the Marne. The Americans crossed the west and the French farther east, under heavy fire. The Americans alone had captured by this time over 6,000 prisoners and 100 guns, besides trench-mortars and machine-guns. They had fought in the battle brigaded with the French and in divisions of their own, and their achievement against picked German troops was extremely remarkable. The total capture of the Allies amounted to over 20,000 prisoners and 400 guns. The advance continued to make headway, though slowly. On Wednesday a local attack, north of Montdidier was a brilliant success, yielding over 1,800 prisoners and positions overlooking the Avre and the road which follows it. The battle had now become a desperate struggle on the part of the Germans to avoid disaster. Some of the places which figure in the latest reports were reached on the first or second day of the attack; but the Germans have fought more skilfully and effectively in retreat than in their attempted advance. Every yard is being contested, but despite all efforts the Franco-American troops are within five miles of Fère-en-Tardenois, and the pressure on both sides of the neck of the salient is increasing. The Germans will find it difficult and expensive to evacuate the front supplied by Fère-en-Tardenois before it falls.

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THE slow rhythm of this phase of the battle should not mislead us as to its importance. The Germans are fighting on ground selected by General Foch, and they must fight at a disadvantage. They are now struggling in a salient, the base of which is less than twenty miles in length. Two-thirds of the main communications of the salient are constantly under fire, and supply or evacuation under such conditions is almost equally difficult. Before the Germans lies a bitter choice. They must either go back to the Aisne or at least the Vesle,

and admit defeat before the world, or they must fight here the last battle of their great campaign. The third chance, a blow elsewhere, fades with every day of this costly fighting in the narrowing salient. The German losses are put very high; but it must be remembered that the Staff write off a considerable loss for each of their great attacks. What we should wish to know is how far the general reserve has been drawn upon. At present, perhaps, the force exists for the supply of another blow elsewhere, and provided the advantage of surprise can be secured, there is some hope of a redeeming success. But Foch is forcing the Germans to face a problem they did not expect, and until they can retire to a good defensive line they must pay for their blunder.

LUDENDORFF has not been able to preserve his equanimity in the face of this reverse. The German *communiqués* can hardly be expected to convince anyone. According to them the Germans are still everywhere successful, and the retreat across the Marne was according to plan. Furthermore, such small readjustments as have been made were compelled by the French subject peoples, "Algerians, Tunisians, Moroccans, Senegalese," and "black Americans." It is a little strange that the Germans should confess that in the full tide of their decisive campaign, they have been held up by subject peoples whom they have hitherto professed to despise. Despite all protestations that the battle caused no surprise—and it is interesting to reflect upon the mentality of the military apologist who clutches at this straw—the evidence of the German reports is decisive. The German military writers have buried Foch's reserve to their complete satisfaction, and they, too, seem to be so mesmerised by numbers that they completely overlook, like a number of our own writers, the fact that "mass of manoeuvre" and "reserves" are not synonymous, and that the Allied front is no more dependent upon the trench garrisons than the German. We have every reason to be satisfied with the results of Foch's counter-offensive.

MR. GEORGE has cut his last link with Liberalism, and Mr. Walter Long announces for him that the War Cabinet has decided on a scheme of Imperial Preference. The decision is a momentous one, and the Liberal Party is bound to challenge it. The new policy annuls the verdict of the last great Liberal and Labor triumph, of which Mr. George's speeches in 1905 are a useful and copious reminder. It is equally an attack on Mr. Wilson's policy, and on the economic comity of the Allies. The French have always dreaded the idea of the fourfold tariff, built up on the basis of Colonial Preferences, and admitting them on the second floor only, with neutrals and the enemy nations in the upper storeys. This shuts out the League of Nations, even on the preliminary basis of a union among the Allies, to say nothing of its ideal of world-unity. It has been engineered throughout by Mr. Hughes, amid the plaudits of dukes and capitalists. None the less it is an act of essential and grave disloyalty to the Alliance and a betrayal of the British peoples.

THE difficulty between the Government and the munition workers has resulted in partial strikes in Coventry and Birmingham, the Government refusing to withdraw their embargo on the employment of skilled workers in certain factories, and sections of the men being too impatient and distrustful to await the proposed National Conference of the allied trades or a conference between the trade unions and the Government. The strikers lack the support of the larger representative bodies, and we hope they will return to their labor and take the advice of the most prudent of their leaders. But, as we show in detail elsewhere, this unhappy pass is the fruit of a long mishandling of the workmen by Mr. Churchill and the very faulty directorship of the Ministry of Munitions. Mr. Churchill's first error was to issue an *ex parte* statement of the dispute, a reduced version of a still more biased

document which was withdrawn. This statement took for granted the right of the Ministry to forbid firms to take on skilled men. But the question is whether the number of skilled men has not been unduly depleted, and whether the firms have been treated on terms of equality.

THE real trouble, however, has been insufficient consultation. Mr. Churchill's whole idea of public life is a theatrical one. He must always be issuing *pronunciamientos*. But that is exactly what he ought to avoid. If his Ministry had managed its business normally through joint local committees of trade unionists and employers, instead of calling in trade union delegates to announce *faits accomplis* to them, this trouble would never have arisen. Now that it is in full blast, Mr. Churchill tries to load his own responsibility on to the workmen. We are sure they will think of their comrades in France before they do anything irrevocable. But if men are treated like machines, they will break out.

WE must wait for the evidence of the full repercussion of the German reverse on the Marne upon the political situation in Germany. But it may be useful to follow the series of events from the hour when Von Kühlmann was peremptorily summoned and dismissed, the scapegoat finally of the Russian policy of Ludendorff. The appointment of von Hintze, known for the previous eighteen months as the pan-German candidate, announced with the news of von Kühlmann's dismissal by telegram to von Payer. On the 10th the Reichstag Main Committee revealed its feeling by rejecting the scheme for expropriating the French owners in Alsace-Lorraine and insisting on Hertling's explanation before voting the credits. He was informed through von Payer that he would need to say a good deal more than the vague assurance in his telegram that German policy would be unchanged. On the 11th he said a good deal more. The German reply to the Papal Note was the basis of his policy; Belgium was only a pledge; von Hintze was there to carry out Hertling's policy, not his own.

ALL this was declared confidential, to avoid the appearance of yielding to the Socialists. But it was not enough. On the morning of the 12th he had to make another confidential declaration. Germany had no intention of retaining Belgium in any form whatever. Not even this was enough for the Left. The declaration must be made public and binding. So at one blow the Jingoos lost all and more than they thought they had won. And that was before the French attack. What is our reading of these events? Mr. Balfour's barren and essentially ill-informed intelligence completely misses their meaning. He treats the offer about Belgium, not as an incomplete concession to our case—which it was meant to be—but as a flat denial of it. This is mere falsification. Hertling was forced to make his declaration not for but against the military party. However, if he wants to set himself right with them, Mr. Balfour is the man to help him. "You see what comes of talking to England," is practically their comment on the Balfour speech.

IN Austria the sorely-tried Cabinet of Dr. von Seidler has again resigned, because it could not secure a majority in the Reichsrat, even for an interim vote of credit. Dr. Seidler went down with the German flag flying. It was, he said, impossible to rule Austria without the Germans or against them. They are, he declared, the backbone of the State, but the other races are none the less "equals." This does no doubt describe the facts. The Germans are a minority, but in wealth, education, discipline, and even numbers, they are the strongest single race. The failure of Dr. Seidler is due, however, as much to the opposition of the German Socialists as to that of the Slavs. The Poles, once a steady party, are now in hot opposition, because they believe that Galicia is to be partitioned—i.e., because they oppose the liberation of the eastern (Ruthenian) districts from their control. It is a general racial chauvinism which is ruining Austria,

THE most significant episode of this debate was the speech of the late Foreign Minister, Count Czernin. He recurred to his old idea that Austria is the predestined mediator between England and Germany. "We are weaker and less dangerous than our German brother, and we are also more modest in our demands, and fairly free from desires for the acquisition of land." He then went on to say that if Austrians are to fight for Germany, they "must know what are the war-aims for which they are to continue the war."

"I only hope with all my heart that the Foreign Minister knows Germany's war aims, that now, as before, they are of a purely defensive nature, and that the character of a defensive war has been maintained inviolate. The races of Austria would never understand it, if we prolonged this terrible war for a foreign State's aims of annexation. The mere presumption would be sufficient to endanger the Alliance."

It requires little reading between the lines to see in this a direct and deadly attack on the present German Government. If the Allies desired an early peace, it would need little adroitness to use this Austrian state of mind. Once negotiations began, Germany would find herself isolated, and unable to renew the war. We are afraid, however, that Count Czernin's notion that the Allies are well-disposed to Austria is out of date. The wind has changed. The declarations of M. Pichon and Mr. Balfour in favor of Bohemian independence, with Mr. Lansing's equally trenchant formula, suggest that it now sets to dismemberment. The "knock-out blow" is once more our policy.

* * *

THE truth of the rumors of the execution of the late Tsar Nicholas is at length admitted by the Central Soviet Government. The murder, or summary execution, was the work of the local Soviet of Ekaterinburg. The town was threatened by the Tchecho-Slovaks, and the ex-Tsar was killed, without even the pretence of a drum-head court-martial, to prevent his falling into their hands. The Central Soviet Government, though not directly responsible for this outrage, exonerates its local partisans from blame. This was a wanton and stupid crime, and the statement that ample evidence of the Tsar's share in recent plots is, if true, irrelevant, for it is not the reason that inspired the murder. The stupidity of the deed lies in this, that the Tsar, given his disastrous past, his weak yet obstinate character, and his meagre intelligence, was a heavy handicap to the Monarchist movement. As a martyr he becomes an asset. Moreover, such excesses are always and usually justly interpreted as a sign of weakness. Nicholas II. was personally an amiable individual. He happens to be related to most of the Kings of Europe on both sides of the war, and among them there may be an avenger. The French terror, at least, did its regicide with a magnificent gesture of challenge, and knew what it did. It deliberately flung down a king's head as a gage of battle. This, on the contrary, is a huggemugger murder by provincials in a panic.

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WE refuse in any way to "recognize" the Central Soviet Government of Russia. With a body calling itself the Murman Regional Council (Soviet), the Allies have, however, condescended to sign a formal treaty. This Council represents a sparse population, consisting chiefly of railwaymen. The treaty stipulates that we are to feed this population on the scale of our own Army rations, supply it with tools, and render it what is politely called "financial assistance." In other words, we are its paymaster. After such provisions as these, the stipulation that we shall not interfere in its "internal affairs" is highly humorous. We shall not need to. For money and food it will do what we wish. This benevolent method of intervention is no doubt a most welcome contrast to the German technique in such matters. The Germans take food and money: we bestow them. Ever since the days of Pitt, our ruling class has realized that it is more blessed (and effective) to give than

to receive. But benevolent though the method is, it is no less destructive of national independence.

* * *

SIR ALBERT STANLEY moved on Tuesday the second reading of the Trading with the Enemy (Amendment) Bill, which not merely winds up all existing enemy banks, but forbids the opening of others for a period of five years after peace. From the commercial standpoint, this capitulation to an ignorant agitation is suicidal. It attacks the position of London as the clearing-house of world trade, and the contemplated restrictions on shipping will have a like result. There is no guarantee that the United States, or even France, will adopt equally drastic methods. If they are more reasonable, then New York or Paris will supersede London as the world's financial centre. The broader objection to this course is, however, that it is part of a conception of the future world absolutely opposed to any League of Nations. If our whole study were to perpetuate the rancors and divisions of Europe, we could find no more effective means than this. The League must be built on co-operation and interdependence. All the Government's fiscal preparations for "peace" aim, on the contrary, at isolation, exclusion, and independence. That is the idea of the Metals Bill, the export duties on tropical raw materials (jute, cocoa, palm-kernels), and now of this Banks Bill. Mr. Runciman uttered a mild warning in the debate, but did not venture to oppose the Bill. Official Liberalism by this moral weakness is tying its own hands.

* * *

THE saner tactical view of the use of our economic weapon was set out clearly in Lord Robert Cecil's statement to the American Press. The Allies, he said, were only eight when the Paris Resolutions were drafted. They are now twenty-four, and are laying down the economic principles of the association of nations to which they are committed. These accord with Mr. Wilson's stipulation—"the removal so far as possible of all economic barriers, and the establishment of an equality of trade among all the nations consenting to the peace, and associating themselves for its maintenance." Germany, continued Lord Robert, is the one obstacle to this association of nations. Germany's place in it, or outside it, will be determined by Mr. Wilson's test. Does she continue to live "under ambitious and intriguing masters?" For our part, while we accept the spirit of this test, it surely requires much clearer definition. Do we mean that we shall exclude Germany because Hertling is Chancellor, or Wilhelm, Kaiser? Or do we mean that we shall judge her by her acts? If she signs a peace of restoration, if she consents to general disarmament, if she desires to join a League of Nations, are not these things in themselves the test of her right to membership?

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THE Government has refused a day before the adjournment for the discussion of the Indian Reform Scheme. That is in itself a disquieting symptom, and when we find that the protests against delay come from Mr. Charles Roberts and Mr. Lionel Curtis, who were associated with Mr. Montagu's work, the inference is irresistible that discussion is delayed because there is opposition within the Government. Has Lord Curzon, who claps a muzzle on the Lords and will not allow them to talk of negotiation, laid a second veto on the Commons? The "Daily Mail" also calls for delay, which seems to indicate that Mr. George is flinching over his facile aspirations for India, as he flinched over Ireland. It is also clear from Mr. Montagu's answers that the granting of Army Commissions to Indians is going to be on a very niggardly scale. The reaction will yield no more readily in India than in Ireland, and under this Cabinet the views of an Indian Viceroy will count for no more than those of an Irish Viceroy. It would be hard to say in which case delay (inevitably interpreted as a proof of bad faith) is more reckless and more dangerous.

Politics and Affairs

THE ELECTION AND ITS ISSUE.

THE "Times" has this week given a plain intimation to Mr. George to prepare himself for a General Election in the autumn, and to fight it in independence of the Coalition and of the principles of his early career. Mr. George must "exert" his "authority" irrespective of "party bargains" or even of any other "hampering personal tie." He must have nothing to do with the Labor Party or with the "Liberal doctrinaires" from whom that suspicious organization draws its candidates. Casting aside "defeatism" and the besetting sin of moderation, he must fearlessly range himself with the "robust national spirit which placed him where he is." Having donned the purple and seized the powers of an American President, Mr. George is to initiate a national purge of obstruction and incompetence. Beginning with the War Cabinet and with the outer courts of his Administration, he will proceed to cleanse the Civil Service and the Army of all their aged and inefficient members. Meanwhile, he had better have done with "conciliating" some who should never have been his colleagues at all, and devote himself to the "final eradication of enemy influence from our social and economic life." We do not know what part is reserved to the King in this Dictatorship of Mr. George, or why, after a few months' experience of his character, associates, and attainments, the country should confirm his misrule and give it an immense extension. But who possesses power in England? The meanest and coarsest voice is quick to claim it. We have a Prime Minister who despises Parliament, and grovels to the Press. He has had his marching orders, and we suppose he will take them.

We assume, therefore, that this article of the "Times" is a command to the Prime Minister to violate the party truce, and break with the Liberal side of the Coalition. Mr. George will understand the nature of this decision. The day when he stands formally embattled, like Mr. Chamberlain, with Imperialism, Toryism, and Protection, he takes the field as the enemy of Liberalism and Labor. A brilliant but light-minded and unprincipled man will have found a cause in startling contrast with his earlier training and habits of mind. It will be a perilous association. Mr. George does not possess Disraeli's subtle and imaginative temper, his deep intuition into the Anglo-Saxon character. But with the all-pervading Mr. Hughes as a lieutenant, he may prove an energetic agent of the ambitious and essentially militarized Protectionism which is the visible "urge" of Tory policy. Such a course will mark a cruel and inglorious end to the war. But the immediate political effect of its adoption in these islands will be a charter of release for the Liberal Party. Its place in the Government had long sunk to that of a humble drawer of water for its Tory masters. Nor is it possible to imagine it sustaining a khaki election in company with Lord Milner and Lord Curzon and under the insulting patronage of the Northcliffe Press. In such a contest, neither the principles nor the leaders of Liberalism would be treated with respect. It would be told that it was expected to "win the war" and ask no questions, and that at the proper time Mr. George would settle the peace. Its candidates would be required to abandon Free Trade as the price of Tory votes, while its definite ideas of peace and a finally reconciled and de-militarized world would

sink in the welter of a "khaki" appeal. Such a contest would be the end of everything that the thinkers of Liberalism could recognize as an article of their creed. Only two parties could emerge from it, Labor and Imperialism, and each would tear its portion from a soulless and dismembered carcase.

For our part, we welcome the General Election which is visibly approaching, and cannot, in our view, be delayed beyond the last weeks of the year. The present House of Commons has long lost its right to sit. An assembly in which more than half the English, Scottish, and Welsh members derive office, profit, or titles from the Crown, is not a Parliament at all, but an emanation of the Executive. If not positively and actively corrupt, it is so dependent as to be worthless for criticism or independent action, and the moment the new army of voters has been enrolled, even its nominal function will have ceased. The constituencies at home and abroad will then call aloud for a free Parliament. But as long as the Coalition exists, this elementary right of citizenship is denied them. Tied to its natural enemies, the Liberal Party cannot convey to the country and the Army those ideas on the peace which spring from its conception of what the character of human society should be. It cannot, of course, abandon itself to factious or merely obstructive comment. But it must be reasonably free to survey the course of the war, and to examine and determine the conditions of a lasting peace. It cannot give a blank cheque to politicians whose character it distrusts or who have already committed themselves to the destructive and anti-Liberal cause of an economic war after war.

This is the ground on which a profound alignment of opinion has already begun. After a long struggle, the idea of a League of Nations, of an international order, establishing and maintaining the permanent reign of peace, has fixed itself in the consciousness of liberal-minded men and women, never again to be dislodged. That rule of international law founds itself on two main supports, Disarmament and the Open Door. If the calamity that has fallen on mankind is ever to be lifted, these will be the instruments of its cure. To refuse them is to deny, in our view, the reconciling power of the faith that once at least renewed the European world. As a minor effect, it would undeniably mark the failure of Liberal doctrine. Society would then have one refuge from the scourge of perpetual war in the resolve to have done with the old order and the men and the institutions that direct it. In terms of modern politics, this would mean a fight to the finish between the forces of Imperialism and Labor. For Labor the "Times" and its school have no use, save as fuel for the great after-war organization of industrial energy, and cannon-fodder for the wars it will perpetually engender. Mr. George will find jobs for Labor leaders and sops for their following. But his plan of an all-pervading bureaucracy, handling the vast exclusive schemes of its capitalist Allies, shuts out the manual workers from any truly creative and regulative faculty. He is the tool of the reaction, rather than its conscious and sympathetic agent. But his present associations demand a complete breach with his past. He is in bondage to Pharaoh and his task is to lay the foundations of the Servile State. And this brings him into vital conflict with the forces of Liberalism and Labor, which resist that conception and will defeat it.

Here, then, emerges the second great task of Liberalism. If Society can be saved from war, and therefore from a sentence of death on this generation and on its children, Labor must in turn be saved

from conscription, and the power of combination effectively restored to a world made safe for democracy, and ripe for it. But the first demand of Tory Imperialism will be to retain conscription; and in this country, with its traditions of personal liberty and its free industrial forms, conscription and trade unionism are incompatible. We doubt whether by itself British Labor will be able to retain its birthright. It has many enemies: not a few of its foes are of its own household. If it fails we must look forward to an England hag-ridden by high prices, tariffs framed in the interests of landlords and capitalists, crushing taxes, and the continual fear and menace of war. These are the fruits of the selfishly aggressive Imperialism which the "Times" commends to us as the issue of the coming election. Let the Liberal Party hasten to accept and do battle on it. It will be its task to force the Government into the open and compel a declaration of policy. But its own course must be firmly marked out. Modern wars are fought in alliance, and the natural ally of Liberalism is Labor. And an understanding with Labor will naturally rest on a pledge of a full restoration of trade-union customs. There will be a second candidate for freedom in this election, and that is the Army. Over it, also, the Liberal Party must throw itsegis. It should insist that when the Army votes it shall vote in liberty and with the right to full knowledge of the governing issues of the election. Only free men can decide a great political issue and live in the atmosphere of a great idea. That idea is the League of Nations. If it wins, the world, too, will have won the power to end the dark contention that has divided and all but destroyed its soul.

FOCH'S COUNTERSTROKE.

No single battle since the beginning of the war has brought the Allies so great and so instant a return—morally, politically, and militarily—as the counterstroke delivered by Generals Mangin and Degoutte between Soissons and Chateau Thierry. Before it fell the Allies seemed condemned to lie passive while Ludendorff selected his point of attack; and the alternatives before them seemed limited to the amount and the value of the ground they gave and the loss they suffered. Students of Foch's writings seemed to find him forgetful of his own teaching, and indeed of his past during the war. For a moment he appeared to revert to type during the earlier days of the great advance across the Aisne; but almost immediately he fell back again to the defensive. The feeling had become almost universal, even among the Allies, that the only rôle open to us was to strain and stagger under fresh blows. In a single day this illusion was blown away.

We think we are correct in stating that the military results achieved by Generals Mangin and Degoutte are greater than any secured by the Allies in a single battle since the war of positions began. Never before in so short a time has there been so great a penetration in so short a time on such a front, so great a capture of prisoners and guns; never before have positions been so rapidly mastered that involved an immediate strategical revision of enemy plans. But in the present phase of the war standards have radically changed and the revulsion of feeling has been disproportionate to the results gained in the action. It has been chiefly due to the propaganda campaign of the German Staff which has sought to convince the world of the inevitable success of the German arms. They had only to strike to succeed. A decision was but a matter of time, and of a short time. This lesson, sown

broadcast in *communiqués* and inspired comment of war correspondents and military critics, had apparently convinced even the Germans themselves, for how otherwise can we explain the fatuity of resting divisions on a vulnerable flank that ensured the security of the offensive they were launching? The Germans are not short of men, and a blunder of this sort can therefore only be due to contempt for the Allies. German pride could not realize the danger of claiming success as one's own peculiar rôle and in writing off one's opponent as already defeated. A check, and the fiction loses conviction; a reverse, and it tends to fade away altogether, and ordinary people, judging by the self-chosen standards, begin to forget the obvious successes already gained. We are now reaping where we did not sow, and the enemy himself has emphasized what is in the present stage of the war merely a skilful and reasonably economical victory.

The fourth Act of the present campaign, as we pointed out last week, went badly from the beginning. The ambitious part it was meant to play was wholly disproportionate to the forces allotted to it, and took no note of the easement in the Allied command from the heavy reinforcements from America, whose quality needs now no laboring. The plan of the battle had only its boldness to commend it. From the first it was carefully shepherded by the Allies. No attempt was made to stop the flood; but every effort was made to confine its flow and direct it. The new tactics were almost completely successful. Gouraud, east of Reims, calmly surrendered the positions he was expected to maintain to the last, and von Einem in the result gained some miles of battle-torn ground at a tremendous price. On the west of the Reims *massif* the Germans gained more and more valuable ground; but their bridgehead across the Marne was dearly bought and intensely uncomfortable. On the third day of the offensive the German Staff was faced with the necessity of deciding whether to pursue the distant lures they had deemed so easy, or to abandon them completely. But if to engage is difficult, to disengage in such a plight is risky; and the Germans chose to go on. At this moment Foch launched his counterstroke. In the midst of the salient poorly supplied with communications was a mass of hurrying men and material, hastening to the support of half-a-dozen disjointed actions. From three sides the Allied guns poured their shell into the area and airmen their bombs.

All was prepared for the new scene, and the curtain rolled up for the second phase. In the timing and selection of ground Foch's counter-stroke was masterly, and leaned as much upon skill as Ludendorff on mass. At a bound Mangin was on the Mont de Paris, the high ground which commands the roads and railways about Soissons. Further south the troops of Degoutte were approaching the Chateau-Thierry road. In the whole of the German attack the enemy had not secured a gun. In the first day the Allies were counting even their big howitzers. On Friday the advance continued, and early in the day the Chateau-Thierry road was under fire, and the supply of von Boehn's army was gravely compromised. That night the Germans admitted the logic of events, and withdrew across the Marne. The Staff found a small consolation in withdrawing without being noticed. Worse positions have been as easily evacuated by the Allies. But the Germans did not withdraw without paying the cost. Chateau-Thierry was entered on Saturday, and the Allies were crossing the Marne at various places. The success had been swift and sure, and the Allied armies further east began their recoil with the entry of famous Scottish regiments into the battle. In a few days the Germans merely impinged on the Marne, and the fires behind the front betokened a further withdrawal.

But in face of a war of such magnitude and of forces of such size, what does this brilliant counter-offensive mean? If Ludendorff is wise he will cut his losses and fall back to the Vesle or the Aisne, and husband his forces for another stroke. The salient he is in at present can only be held at a considerable cost, and only pride and a passion for prestige can keep him there. He has left, in

general reserve, still some twenty-five or thirty divisions, and he may strike again elsewhere, and hope for better success. If he wishes to remain in the salient, he must re-establish his western flank, and this does not seem a particularly encouraging prospect unless he can achieve it by striking elsewhere. So far no stable line for a stand has appeared, and the Germans must go forward or fall back further. Foch, for the present, has the initiative, and he will not relinquish it until it ceases to be profitable. But whatever happens, the Germans have suffered a distinct reverse. They have lost men and guns. They have lost prestige by underrating their opponent. They have lost ground, which is peculiarly precious as being nearest to Paris. And the Allies take up this terrible struggle again with a surer confidence that their troops are under skilful direction, that will wait and watch until the hour strikes, however long it be delayed. But this is not the end, and we shall not have to wait long before Ludendorff demonstrates the narrowness of our bridgehead across the Channel. In that day, however, we shall be able to recall that the Ludendorff grip has slipped badly once or twice. The Battle of the Marne may possibly become, as in 1914, the Battle of the Aisne.

THE TSAR AND AFTER.

THE death of the ex-Tsar is an event too small, amid the manifold miseries of what was once his Empire, to move us deeply. We feel for him and for his family the pity due to misfortune which we can individualize, but we know that he was only one of the millions of his people whom war and civil war have involved in a fate as cruel. The murder was a wanton and stupid crime, and if the Bolsheviks had anything to lose, it would reduce even further their chances of survival. Like most of the crimes of violence which have stained their record, it was the work of local partisans, and not of the Central Government, but since it has absolved the guilty of all blame, it can hardly profit by this distinction. We are ready to believe that Lenin and his abler associates do not wish to stain their work by needless bloodshed, but their power of control grows less as their enemies assail them from all sides, and life after years of repression and terrorism, war and civil war, has become pitifully cheap in Russia. It is possible that, coming as this murder does so close to that of Count Mirbach, it may convince the Court of Berlin, which venerates the sanctity of monarchs, that the Bolsheviks are finally impossible. In that case, the dead Autocrat may find an avenger in the Emperor, who, first as friend and then as enemy, played a notable part in his undoing.

We question whether history will find excuses for Nicholas II., of which his contemporaries are unaware. He inherited a monstrous system of government, and an Empire already ruined by corruption, ignorance, racial chauvinism, and religious intolerance. One may doubt whether an able Tsar, backed by Liberal Ministers, could have arrested the downfall. It is even possible that concession, breaking down the patience with which miseries so enormous had been endured, might in any event have heralded a catastrophe. We have realized in this last year how weak and artificial were the ties which held this Empire together. Nothing but force kept Finns and Poles and Caucasians within it, and it might have been difficult to find any other cement. These, however, are academic speculations. In point of fact the late Tsar, from first to last, did everything which the most malign genius could have invented to hasten the downfall. He proclaimed the principle of autocracy in its crudest form, half-yielded under compulsion, and then with patent ill-faith withdrew or ignored the concessions which he had made under constraint. He mixed an advocacy of peace and arbitration with a predatory and adventurous foreign policy. It was his fate, with a character ludicrously pliant and an intelligence below the average, to come under influences which galvanized him into "strong"

courses. Dr. Dillon tells a story of him, which is at least well-invented. A Liberal nobleman discoursed to him in a formal audience of the miseries of the peasants, and pleaded for concessions and reforms. "I know," said the Tsar. "Yes, yes. You are right. Quite right." Next came a reactionary nobleman, who called for the iron hand. "Yes, I know," said the Tsar, "You are right. Quite right." Lastly, the Empress, who had listened in dismay to both conversations, besought him, when these audiences were over, to have a mind of his own and play the autocrat, "You are right, dear, quite right," was again the answer. It was on the whole the more intimate and constantly present influences which won, and these all bade him play the autocrat. It was his fate to fall invariably into the hands either of fanatics like Pobiedonostseff, or of rogues like the financier Bezobrazoff, of charlatans like the spiritualist Philippe and the monk Rasputin, or of martinets like the older Grand Dukes, and behind all these influences stood the unbalanced and un-Russian Empress. The marvel is not that this man fell after the attempt to combine omnipotence with incompetence, but rather that his disastrous family should have kept a great people in bondage for so long.

Is Nicholas II. destined to be the last of the Tsars? A year ago that was the universal opinion. We are less certain, to-day, that the restoration of a Romanoff is impossible, though we do not think that it could be permanent. So long as the chief issues were or seemed to be rather political than economic, all Russia was Republican, and on the whole the Liberal Middle Class was on the side of the Revolution. That idyllic moment was brief, and it ended when the Social Revolutionaries, long before the Bolshevik revolt, forced the land question to an immediate and extreme solution. They proclaimed as their fundamental principle the abolition of private property in land: they proposed to expropriate the big landowners without compensation, and to leave for the use of each family only as much land as its own hands could till without hired labor. That was the Tchernoff-Kerensky programme, and the Constituent Assembly spent its few hours of life in adopting it without amendment. The Bolsheviks have carried out what their enemies proposed. We do not know whether the Constituent Assembly, under a Kerensky-Tchernoff Cabinet, would have carried out this policy of wholesale expropriation with more mercy and less haste than Lenin and Trotsky have shown. But even so, the cleavage in Russian society must have become absolute. Industry is in Russia so relatively important that land and property are almost interchangeable terms. Whatever quarrels may divide the Socialist parties, the permanent, unbridgeable line of division is between the defenders and the assailants of landed property. The issue is so simple and so sharp that we question whether even the most advanced "Cadets" and the wildest Socialists could ever again run in harness, save in some temporary crisis of war or civil war. They may combine to defeat the Germans or destroy the Bolsheviks, but they cannot combine in the work of reconstruction. The mass of peasant votes is so immense, and the force of the Socialist idea so strong, that the Cadets, who represent property, are now inevitably Monarchist. It is hardly possible, given universal suffrage, to conceive a restoration of landed property. If that is to be brought about, it must be done under a military dictatorship, and when the old social order is brought back again it will imperatively need some permanent check which will hold back the will of the peasants. Unchecked democracy under these conditions is incompatible with the old agrarian system, or even with any modification of it which required the peasant to pay for the land which he has already got for nothing. The Cadet solution must therefore be in Great Russia some preliminary *régime* of repression and restoration, akin to the dictatorship of the Hetman Skozopadsky, which this party supported in the Ukraine. It would evolve into something more "constitutional," but it dare not risk a democratic franchise, without a strong Upper House or a monarchical veto. The real issue all over Eastern Europe is between feudalism and

an awakened peasantry, and the choice seems to lie between extreme solutions. One of them is the democratic Republic, which must be essentially Socialistic, even if it avoids the *doctrinaire* Bolshevik exaggeration of the "class war"; the other is a restored Monarchy. An intermediate solution like the French or American Republic is barely possible, for the simple reason that the Russian Middle Class, even if we include the richer peasants in it, is numerically too small to secure a stable majority.

It is this inevitable confrontation of extreme solutions which makes foreign intervention in Russia so peculiarly risky. It appears that Mr. Wilson has at last consented to a Japanese, or an American-Japanese, occupation of Siberia. The negative half of the programme is simple, and it is possible, as the success of the sixty or seventy thousand Tchecho-Slovaks suggests, that the Bolsheviks can be easily upset. Will the invaders then support the Cadets under General Alexeieff, or the still more reactionary clique under General Horvath and Colonel Semenov? Or will they back the more or less Socialistic Provisional Governments which maintain a precarious existence at Omsk and Vladivostok? The solution of an election and a constituent assembly may be offered, but what effective freedom of election could there be under a Japanese occupation on the morrow of a savage and disorderly civil war? America will not knowingly favor a monarchical restoration, but the American bias is certainly not towards Socialism. French influence, under the pressure of the investors in Russian stock, will not be thrown into the democratic scale. While this dubious intervention proceeds in Siberia, what will be the German reply? The real stakes are not in Siberia itself. German ambitions, vast and predatory though they are, have an ample field in the Borderland, on the Black Sea coast, and in the Turco-Tartar-Persian regions of the Middle East through which lie the roads to India. The shock of the contending forces must occur somewhere along the vague frontiers of Europe and Asia, in the Urals, on the Volga, or in the Caucasus. If Germany is strong enough to take up this challenge, she must establish herself firmly in "Great Russia" as a base. Nothing seems certain, save that the area of conflict with all that it involves in starvation and oppression, is being enormously widened. We might have elected to fight out our battle in Flanders, and to decide it by the use of the economic weapon. We are now following the reckless German challenge in making the whole East our battlefield.

How far that is a sound military proposition even the inexpert may doubt. If you must have a cockpit, there is something to be said for choosing an arena with roads and rails, of limited extent, which lies at your door. The economist could tell the soldier the difference in relative cost between a gun or a company in Flanders, and a gun or a company in the Urals. Apart from these technical calculations, however, we confess that we are more moved by the prospect of the human misery which the choice as battlefield of an already starving and chaotic Russia must cause, and by our sense of the risk with which Russian democracy is threatened. We have every confidence in Mr. Wilson's intentions. He has yielded, however, to pressure which at first he resisted, and we have less confidence that the event will answer his expectations. The pressure which deflected him, whether conscious influences or the drift of events, will not be relaxed, and it is pressure which tends certainly to a propertied, probably to a Monarchist, restoration in Russia.

A sentence in our first leader last week was obscured by a printer's error. We wrote:—"If there are to be territorial changes, they must come by agreement, and not by conquest, while economic freedom is the price which we would pay without regret for a real abandonment of German militarism." The words, "without regret," were wrongly printed "with regret."

THE MIS-HANDLING OF LABOR.

THE present dispute in the munitions industry arises, like many of its fore-runners, from causes which seem to the ordinary observer wholly inadequate and even nugatory. If we are to accept the Government's account of the position, the sole question at issue is whether a hundred or so firms, which have been playing a "dog-in-the-manger" game by securing more than their fair share of the available skilled labor, are to be allowed to persist in their evil courses or are to be regulated in the national interest. To those who accept this very simple account of the situation, the very idea of men going out on strike on such an issue at the present time naturally seems preposterous and criminal. Nor, in the present state of public opinion, can we be relied upon to remember that men do not go on strike even at ordinary times on such frivolous pretenses.

It is necessary, then, to go into this matter somewhat more deeply than the official pronouncements of Mr. Churchill will take us. Why did a strike on a large scale break out in Coventry, and why is the spirit of unrest dominant throughout the industrial districts? It is possible to find answers to these questions in the material factors that have visibly gone to create the present situation; but the answer lies above all in a more intangible factor—the whole temper and spirit which animate the Government departments principally concerned in their dealings with Labor.

It is safe to say that hardly at any time during the war has the administration of the Ministry of Munitions shown any real understanding of the point of view of the workers, or made any coherent attempt to work in cordial co-operation with Labor. And it is no less safe to say that the spirit of the Government departments concerned has never been worse than at the present time. Of course, there is at all times the *camouflage* of consultation with trade union leaders; but everyone who has experience of these matters knows what, in practice, "consultation" usually means. Real consultation would imply that, before the Government finally made up its mind on a course of action, it conferred fully with the bodies affected, showing a reasonable willingness to accept alternative suggestions, and to use the machinery of the trade unions and employers' associations for the carrying out of its ends. But, in practice, consultation usually means something very different. Usually, the Government first makes up its mind to a rigid scheme. It then proceeds to "consult" Labor. It informs the workers' representatives that its mind is made up, and that it will stand no nonsense, and it demands an unconditional acceptance of its scheme. It thus puts it on the workers' shoulders either to accept the scheme, or to do nothing, or to accept the almost inconceivably grave responsibility of suggesting drastic action. Sometimes the trade union leaders accept; sometimes they do nothing. In either case, their acceptance or their silence is used by the Government in the most unscrupulous way to prejudice the case in the mind of the public. In short, the patriotism of the leaders is regularly exploited by the Government.

This is not "consultation" or "co-operation," but the merest travesty of these things. The whole spirit in which both the Ministry of Munitions and the Ministry of National Service work is one of suspicious hostility to Labor, and the fruits of this suspicion and suppressed hostility are to be seen in disputes like the present.

All this, it will no doubt be said, is mere generalization. It is certainly necessary to make it more precise, and to apply it clearly to the present situation; but it is no less necessary to remember that this situation is itself the product of a general habit of mind and way of regarding Labor on the part of Government officials. They cannot get it out of their heads that Labor is a "dangerous" organization, rather of the Sinn Féin class; and in their dealings with it they normally proceed by the method of cajolery alternating with threats.

The roots of the immediate crisis which is now upon us go back some time into the past. On the unanimous

recommendation of the Commissioners on Industrial Unrest, the Government last summer abolished the "leaving certificate," and restored at least a nominal free choice of employer to the munition worker. In practice, this freedom was largely and increasingly circumscribed by the operation of the Military Service Acts; but it was nevertheless highly prized, and of the first importance as a safeguard against industrial compulsion. A form of compulsion, it is true, already applied to the War Munition Volunteer; but his enrolment was strictly voluntary and for a limited period, and the voluntary character of his service was fully safeguarded by the trade unions. When, therefore, the Government suddenly announced their decision to make enrolment as War Munition *Volunteers* compulsory on large classes of workmen, on penalty of the withdrawal of protection from military service, naturally the strongest trade union opposition was aroused. "Compulsory Volunteering," as a writer in the *Daily News* appositely called it, would have meant, in effect, the reimposition of the leaving certificate in a more onerous form, and the imposition of a system of virtual industrial conscription. So strong was the trade union opposition to this step that the Government finally withdrew the whole scheme, after rejecting, for reasons that seemed quite inadequate, a counter-scheme suggested by the Trade Union Advisory Committee. In this sequence events in the munitions' industry followed precedents already set in the case of the miners and the transport workers, to whom the Government had previously put forward similar schemes which they were afterwards compelled to withdraw. As a part of the munitions scheme, Sir Auckland Geddes put forward a suggestion that it would be necessary to "ration labour" to the various firms; but it was universally assumed that this proposal, which was never made definite, had fallen to the ground with the rest of the Government scheme.

Apparently, this was not the case. The Government, after a few weeks, applied to a hundred or so firms, a new Order under the Defence of the Realm Act, making it illegal for these firms to engage any further skilled labor without special license from the Ministry of Munitions. This action was taken without any further consultation with the trade unions, and without any public notification at all. In particular, no intimation was given that the embargo had only been applied to a limited number of firms, and a general impression was abroad among workmen that it was, or would soon be, of universal application. A serious position developed at Coventry, where the embargo had been applied to three firms—which, it is interesting to note, are firms outside the Employers' Federation. Strike notices were handed in; but in Labor circles serious trouble was not expected, and it was generally thought that a Conference arranged for Friday between the trade unions and the Government would go far towards a settlement.

Then, at the most critical moment, just before beginning negotiations with the trade unions, Mr. Churchill rushed into print with an alarmist and inflammatory statement breathing fire and fury, and hinting at all kinds of horrible consequences. This statement did more than anything else to make the negotiations fruitless and to precipitate a deplorable stoppage of work. In issuing it, Mr. Churchill made one of those theatrical blunders which have marked his career from the beginning, and will probably continue to mark it to the end. Instead of discussing the difficulty calmly and reasonably with the trade unions, he played the usual game of confronting them with a *fait accompli*, and leaving them in the usual dilemma. They had either to accept the position and stand the racket with their members, or they had to stand out at the risk of being called unpatriotic or worse.

The case against the Minister of Munitions and his department, and, indeed, against the Government as a whole, is clear, and can hardly be denied. They have mismanaged the whole affair, and have brought the situation to the pass in which it is to-day. But it may still be contended that, although they have bungled, they are essentially in the right, and that some scheme

such as they suggest is absolutely necessary if the skilled labor that remains is to go round. The answer is twofold. In the first place, the present unequal distribution of skilled men is largely the result of foolish and uneven recruiting, by which some shops and districts have been denuded of men and others left almost untouched. If a little more sense and discrimination were used by the recruiting authorities, and if it were clearly recognised that the best way of meeting a large unsatisfied demand for men is not that of rushing every available skilled man into the Army, the balance would soon tend to redress itself without any elaborate scheme of transference of labor. In the second place—and this is by far the most important point—the "rationing of skilled labor" is a work requiring the greatest possible experience, skill, and delicacy, and it emphatically could not be done with efficiency by the present *personnel* of the Ministry of Munitions. Even the best of the present munitions' inspectors simply could not tell by going into a shop whether it had really a surplus of skilled labor. That could be known only to those who have daily experience of the work done, and know exactly what are the changing needs for skill from day to day. Moreover, the average Government inspector would seldom have the courage or the power to treat all firms alike: he would tend almost inevitably to let the big and influential firms alone, and to rob the smaller firms of the men whom they require.

If, then, any scheme is necessary for the "rationing" of labor, that scheme must be directly controlled and organised by those who possess the requisite knowledge—that is to say, the trade unions and their workshop organizations. Moreover, there must be full guarantees against the continuance of the present policy of indiscriminate recruiting, which is largely responsible for the muddle in which matters are. If the Government will take these lessons to heart, and bring forward and discuss fully with Labor a reasonable scheme on these lines, there may still be a way out of what looks at present a very menacing situation.

It must not be left out of mind, however, that, quite apart from the present crisis, there are many more general grievances which are adding fuel to the discontent. The Government's failure to redeem its long-standing promises to provide adequately for the restoration of trade union conditions, and a number of minor outstanding grievances, have combined to spread through the world of Labor a spirit of deep-seated anxiety. If the Government desires not merely to avert the present crisis, but to establish a better feeling for the future, they will be wise to cleanse thoroughly the Ministries concerned, beginning at the very top. We have been too long content merely to avert trouble and to leave it to accumulate underground so as to break out later with increased force: it is high time for a complete reversal in the Government's methods of dealing with Labor—for a substitution of confidence for suspicion, and of ready co-operation for bullying mixed with cajolery. It is difficult to hope that courage will be forthcoming for action on these lines; but without it, though this trouble may pass as similar trouble passed in March with the launching of the German offensive, there will be no real security and, what is more, no spirit of willing co-operation for a common end.

Strikes in war-time are greatly to be deplored, and it is very much to be hoped that the present situation will not become as serious as it may. But little is gained by merely deploring strikes, and nothing at all by merely denouncing strikers. Appeals to patriotism have worn thin with long and unscrupulous use, and mere reiteration does not bring back life into them. What is needed is "gumption" in governmental circles. We must learn to handle Labor, not as if it were machinery without human feelings or reactions, but as if it were the most human thing in all the world—the most likely to respond to fair dealing, and the most likely to resent treatment which is obviously unsympathetic, suspicious, and hostile. Everyone will, indeed, deplore the strike, but the bungling methods which have made it possible are even more to be deplored.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

So the thunders of war are not enough, and we are to have the roar and ramp of a khaki election. The "Times" says so, and in due course Mr. George, answering to his master's voice, will say so too. The tactics will be so simple that the voter, though a fool, may possibly contrive to see through them. The candidate will be asked whether he backs Lloyd George (the "Times" seems to suggest him as President of the British Republic), and is "out" to win the war, and a reasoned reply will be drowned with a shout of "Pro-German!" Simple, but a little perilous. For the Labor Party is already in the field with a formidable organization and a definite policy on the peace and on social reconstruction, and I may say that the Liberal Party will soon be entering it with another. These two facts alone suffice to give seriousness and substance to the election. They will make it imperative for the Government to declare itself, to elect, for example, for a Wilson Peace, or for a peace of annexations, to say whether it stands by the Secret Treaties, to reconcile them with the League of Nations, and to offer the country some refuge from the horrors of war and the menace of an armed peace. Secondly, the election must be a FREE ELECTION. Dora will have to take her hand off. There must be a free Press, a free platform, a free (electioneering) Ireland, and a free Army. The issues must be fairly presented, and a reasonable choice of policies offered to the men and women whose all is at stake in them. A great democracy will not march handcuffed to the polling-booths.

As far as I can judge, Liberals and Labor men will freely accept the challenge, and nine Liberals out of ten will rejoice to have done with a gang of bureaucrats and Tory Protectionists and a Prime Minister who has sold the pass on every doctrine and practice of Liberalism. And though they are bent on seeing the country well and honorably out of the war, they will not forego the right of criticism. They will insist on a constructive policy, and if their leaders fail them, great numbers will join the Labor Party. Even if they were swamped in a khaki flood, they would rally and repeat the victory of 1906. But will they? I believe the Government to be deeply distrusted, and the desire for peace to be profound and rapidly growing. The other night, in one of the most popular of the great London play-houses, a casual suggestion in the drama that the war was coming to an end drew from gallery and circles a deep answering murmur of "Would to God it was!" The demonstration was so prolonged that the attendants intervened to stop it. And I am convinced that Mr. George stands on the edge of an unpopularity that is almost universal. Look at Labor. Not a single Labor member of the Government—save the excellent and moderate Mr. Clynes—stands a chance of re-election by his old constituents. But the workmen's movement is no mere vendetta. Every moral feeling and attachment has been banished from Mr. George's presentment of the war. But the hope of a better and a gentler world stirs still in thousands of workmen's hearts. Do the Government realize what a tide is sweeping through mine and factory and workshop?—a tide of discontent, it is true, but mixed with the old idealism, the always latent belief of Labor in the Brotherhood of Man? That current of half-revealed faith will one day sweep away its petty plotting and selfish tariff-building.

The sun of that new day may not rise on the morning of the next election, but its light will not long be withheld.

THE great German repulse comes hot on the pan-German triumph and the Kaiser's exultant boast of a war to the finish of our nation and polity. What a rebuke to *ὕβρις*! What an invitation to a modest psalm of thanksgiving! Now we must wait for the answering German movement. But that will never come if our Jingoos can keep up their covenant of Death and Hell with the pan-Germans, and stop each approach to peace as it comes from the Socialists there and Moderates and the workmen here. Take the reply of the German Socialists to the Labor Memorandum, which Mr. Henderson truthfully described as an acceptance of its main principles. The letter from the secretary of the German Social Democrats was published in Wednesday's *Times*. It contained three statements of importance. It accepted a conference, under the leadership of neutral Socialists (Mr. Branting would almost inevitably be the Chairman). It referred back to the Socialist Memorandum of last year, but declared that the party had always been for peace by agreement, "*which should be concluded without annexations and without contributions [i.e., indemnities], upon the basis of the right of self-determination of the peoples.*" And it insisted that on the Eastern question the party had "stood up resolutely for its Socialist views," and indeed there has been bitter Socialist criticism of Brest-Litovsk. Will it be believed that in describing this document the *Times* says that the German Socialists "point to the speeches under cover of which they have abstained from opposing the annexationist policy of the German Government," and asks Mr. Henderson what he has to say to it. Mr. Henderson has to say precisely what he has said—namely, that the reply accepted the chief principles of the Allied Memorandum. In the same vein Mr. Balfour sees only "an insult" in the Hertling offer of restoring Belgium, made on pressure from the Moderates of the Reichstag. Thus do the men of words embrace the men of blood across the crimson flood that they keep flowing.

WE are not a critical people, and the assassination of the Tsar finds us in the mood to forget his follies, and the immense background of semi-Oriental cruelty and helplessness from which they sprang, and pile them all on the heads of the Bolsheviks. As an antidote, I advise the reading of Dr. Dillon's book and his articles in the "Telegraph." Poor Mr. Stead used to bore his friends with his adoration of this mephitic little figure, this monarch who betrayed his country, his Ministers, and everybody but his foolish wife, and there are plenty of people here who would set up another such puppet, and give him the means to accomplish another such ruin. All is forgotten—Nicholas's treachery to France, his unfriendliness to us, his depraved and venal Court, his provocativeness in policy (for all his pretended pacifism), his duplicity of the child and the mental deficient. A cruel fate gave Nicholas II. and William II. as scourges for the Western world. Yet, and at the eleventh hour, we fail to read the signs of the times. A year ago free England might have been the savior and the counsellor of Russian democracy. So she might be to-day. She prefers to add to the welter that has followed the break-up of Tsarism. One man of principle and clear vision at our head—a Gladstone, even a Palmerston—might have put both nations on the right path. And now!

I SUPPOSE there is some use (and some fun) in seeing Mr. Hughes run by the "Daily Mail" as a kind of super-George, but I find a great number of Liberal and Labor men think it time to end Mr. Hughes's gross and deliberate abuse of the hospitality of these shores. We have had a great many Australian statesmen here. They have been men of great ability and representative character, while Mr. Hughes is neither one nor the

other. None of them have ever interfered with our politics, or attacked the principles and even the personalities of our public men. Mr. Hughes has done both, finishing up with a pleasant hint that Mr. Henderson is a pro-German, and the statement that he is sick of the "canting humbug" of internationalism—i.e., of the idea of a peace founded on the League of Nations. He commits and repeats this offence without the excuse of speaking for Australia. His career there is finished, and all parties have his measure. He has been soundly and finally beaten on his policy of conscription, he has broken with his old party, and his new associates distrust him. He can say what he pleases when he has resigned his office, and his fustian is worn for the little that it is worth. Then he can join Mr. George or the staff of "John Bull," or any other statesman or "stunt" that wants him. But at present the career he has marked out for himself in this country is conducted on lines of offence to two parties in the State. A short way to end it would be for Mr. Henderson to put down a motion calling attention to Mr. Hughes's speeches, and his position as the Prime Minister of Australia.

I FEARED it would be so. The Duke of Rutland, rushing in where bishops feared to tread, finds his petition for rain answered by a deluge. I admit the superficial ground for his intervention. The harvest was near, the drought had been prolonged, and the bishops' approach to the mysteries of their faith is apt to be deliberate. A layman therefore might well have feared to see the event pass before the official machinery got into action. But a moment's reflection should have convinced the Duke of his error. In an exclusively Christian practice (such, for example, as the prayer for peace) episcopal policy may savor of undue deliberation. But in the prayer for rain the pagan element clearly predominates, and to this the bishops have always been reasonably alive. Moreover, their characteristic moderation is in this particular matter a source of strength rather than of weakness. It is a question of enough rain, and not too much. Why not have trusted the bishops to observe the happy mean? The result of hasty lay intervention is only too evident.

WHAT unexplored treasures this England of ours hides in its village churches, nestling in undiscovered ways. The other day I walked by chance into the little Church of Copford in Essex. And, behold, with much interesting Norman work, and a gorgeous roof, the color of a ripe plum, I came on an apse of Byzantine workmanship, and found the roof of the sanctuary adorned with a series of exquisite paintings, of pure Byzantine style and origin—a wonderful and very tender figure of (a blonde) Christ, in Eucharistic robes, giving the Greek blessing, with an allegorical river of life flowing from his feet, and a sketch of a Byzantine New Jerusalem in one corner of the design; apostles, and martyrs; the signs of the Zodiac; and (as far as I could judge in the dim light) a most beautiful Annunciation! The Rector, who guards this priceless treasure with knowledge and zeal, tells me its history. Copford was the country seat of the Bishops of London till the time of Bonner, who is buried in the Church. Hence the attraction for these Byzantine artists. The only other work they did in England (the Copford figures are of the twelfth century) of which any trace remains is in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral and the artists may have drifted over to Germany, after their English tour, for work by the same school has been found in some churches near Bonn. The Copford paintings were discovered in 1870, and re-colored but not restored. Originally, the Rector tells me, the whole Church was decorated in the style of the apse, and it must have glowed like the very floor of Heaven. The outer walls date from 400 A.D., nearly two hundred years before the mission of St. Augustine. And one can see quite clearly the original Roman-British brickwork, the bricks very long and perfectly preserved. What a story!

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

BY AN UNKNOWN DISCIPLE.

THE journey to Jerusalem was long to me. Beyond Magdala where the black hills begin to close in upon the lake we were delayed by the passing of camel trains laden with salt fish and bound for Ptolemais, while all the way the people going up to Jerusalem for the Passover thronged the roads and made haste impossible. We did not linger to see the beauty of Herod's new city of Tiberias. The black citadel above the town, the palace and theatre and forum were Greek, not Jewish, and the place was alien to us. The gaiety and clatter, the painted courtizans in their Greek clothing, and even the blue lake with its fleet of gaudy pleasure boats were sinister and strange. But, indeed, at Tiberias and during the long journey south through the stony wastes of Judea, where only stringy, grey-green grass seemed to flourish, I saw little of what was around me. My mind had outstripped my body, and was entering Jerusalem with Jesus. What had happened to him?

Beyond Bethshan we caught up with more camel trains, this time bound for Jerusalem with salt fish for the Passover. We made what haste we could, but as we neared the Damascus Gate the crowds grew thicker, and it was harder to press through them. It was the day before the Passover when we came out on the flat tableland above Jerusalem. Even then, when in the clear air of noon the Holy City set on the hills rose before us in all its glory of towers and bastions, I was in such haste to find Jesus that I had no mind to look at it. But somewhere on my inner eye that picture must have stamped itself, for to this day, if I but close my lids, I can see its wonder. On the side of the sea against the pale sky of spring the Tower of David still stands on Mount Sion, while over against the sun rising the Citadel and Temple, high above the Valley of Giants, show Mount Olivet beyond. It seemed, indeed, the City of God, but it was out through that beauty that Jesus went to his death.

The steep streets of Jerusalem were full of people. Men talked together in groups angrily or earnestly and moved restlessly from one group to another, blocking the way of those who wished to enter the City. I had never seen such restlessness in a Passover crowd, and my mind misgave me that the tumult and excitement boded ill to Jesus; so I slipped from my mule, and, sending it on with the men-servants, mixed with the throng to hear what men said.

The stream of people entering the City pressed down the narrow street towards the Temple. It was slow moving in that current, so I pushed out of it into the shelter of an archway, where I could stand a few steps above the crowd. A small group of men had already taken refuge in the courtyard within, where they debated noisily, heedless of the roar of the crowd without.

"The man is a dangerous rebel," I heard one say in the precise accent of the Scribes. "You have but to look at what he is doing and mark the people who follow him. You can then judge for yourself if he have any regard for the law."

"All Galileans are rebels and the encouragers of lawlessness," said another.

Hearing this I went into the courtyard and joined myself to the men, who, occupied solely with their dispute, paid no heed to me.

"Jesus is not unlawful, but he mars the path of the Priests. That is why they hate him," said a rough man in the coarse dialect of Galilee.

"I am no friend of the Priests, but I call rioting in the very courts of the Temple unlawful," put in another voice, and the Galilean answered hotly:

"It is the trading that is unlawful. Men have no right to make a market of the courts. The Temple was meant for worship, not for money-making."

"He has right," said another. I could not see the speaker, but it was the voice of an old man. "It was not so in my day. The Courts of the Temple grow more heathen every year. It is more like a street of booths than the entrance to a place of prayer. It is a scandal."

"They lack but one thing—a temple to Venus," said a fat man, with a laugh.

"Men must buy the sacrifices somewhere, and as for the money-changers, well, if the Priests will not take Roman money——" began another, but the Scribe cut him short.

"The bartering is wrong," he said. "I do not object to Jesus wishing to reform such things. I object to the way he does it."

"What ought he to have done?" asked the Galilean, and the other, touched, perhaps, by the scorn in his voice, answered, with some heat:

"He could have gone to those in authority. If he had pointed out to the High Priest what was wrong——"

The fat man slapped himself on the thigh and laughed aloud, and most of the other men joined in the laugh; for, indeed, it was common gossip that Annas drew rent from the booths.

"Jesus need not have whipped them out like dogs."

"How else could he have done it?" cried the Galilean. "Dogs they were, defiling the Temple. Can one reason with dogs?"

There was a murmur of assent, for there was great indignation in Jerusalem at the Priests' tolerance of evil, and their pandering to the pagan customs of Rome.

The wily Scribe, seeing he had not carried many with him, hastily changed his ground, and said:

"Jesus may have right in this, but in other matters he goes too far. If we once admit his teaching, there will be an end to the law."

The Galilean opened his lips, but before he could reply another man broke in.

"That is true. There is no doubt he can sway the minds of men. There was a time when he attracted me; but he goes too far. He alarms people."

"What are you afraid of?" asked the Galilean; and the other, nettled by the tone of his voice, answered shortly:

"He preaches blasphemy."

"I have often heard him teach, but never blasphemy," the Galilean began, but the other interrupted:

"Were you in Jerusalem in the winter? No? I thought as much. If you had been, as we were, you would have heard what all Jerusalem heard."

"I was in Jerusalem. I heard men say Jesus was mad," said one, and "I, too," said another, and "I heard he was possessed," said a third, so that the Galilean, taken aback by so much accord, could only answer doggedly:

"Jesus never preached blasphemy."

"Not only did he preach it, but he was nearly stoned for it. He slipped away by a back path and escaped," said the man who had first spoken of blasphemy.

"Did you hear him yourself?" demanded the Galilean, fiercely. And the other answered reluctantly:

"I was not there myself. But I was told by a friend who was." The triumphant Galilean laughed aloud and cried out scornfully:

"Is there one here who himself heard Jesus teach blasphemy?" And unexpectedly the Scribe replied:

"I heard."

There was a silence, and then the Galilean said:

"Tell us what he said," and the others joining in urged, "Yes, tell us what he said."

"He said that he and God were one," said the Scribe.

There was another silence, and the men crowded nearer to the speaker.

"Go on," said a voice eagerly.

"The people who heard were angry, and took up stones to stone him, but he asked for which of the good deeds he had done were they going to slay him. 'For no good deed,' the men replied, 'but for blasphemy because you, being a man, make yourself out to be God.'"

The Scribe stopped again, and the Galilean said impatiently: "What did Jesus answer?"

"He asked if it did not stand written in the law, 'I said, Ye are gods, and all of you are children of the Most High.' The men said it was so written, and then

Jesus asked them, if those to whom God's word was spoken were called gods, why did they say that he whom God had sent as a Messenger was blaspheming when he said he was God's Son. It was after that that they tried to arrest him, but he got away."

"He is very clever. He got out of it neatly," said the fat man.

"I see no blasphemy in that," said the Galilean, but with more doubt.

"It is blasphemy. He ought to be stoned," said a hard voice that I had not heard before.

"No—No. It is wrong to take life, and there is great wisdom in his other teaching," said the old man.

"Jesus will lose his life for all that," repeated the hard voice.

"Who will dare to lay a hand on him?" asked the Galilean fiercely.

"Our Rulers. He talks too much of the need for clean sweeps and not patching old garments," replied the merciless voice.

"His followers have grown, and now comes this clearing of the Temple courts. The Council will surely arrest him," said the Scribe.

"They must reckon with us Galileans first," said the Galilean stoutly; and with this there broke out a tumult of so many voices that I could not hear what the men said. But I had learnt enough, and sick at heart I went forth into the noise of the street to seek Nicodemus, and consult what could be done.

Now the house of Nicodemus lay close to that of Caiaphas, and their courtyards adjoined. Here on Mount Zion there was not so great a throng, so that as I went to the gate of Nicodemus and one coming in haste from the courtyard of Caiaphas knocked up against me as if he were blind, I looked up in wonder, and behold it was Judas Iscariot.

I seized him by the arm.

"Judas," I cried; "you are the very man I would speak with. Come apart here," and I drew him aside into an embrasure where there was a stone seat. He resisted a little.

"I am in haste," he said, but I overbore him.

"I will not keep you, Judas, but I must see Jesus. He is in danger. Where is he?" I said.

"Jesus? I do not know," he answered reluctantly.

"Where does he lodge?" I asked.

"Lower down on the Mount. At the house of John. But of late he has taken to sleep on the Mount of Olives. At least he spends the nights there. For aught I know he may be there now. No. He cannot, for he has asked us all to sup with him to-night. I mean those who were first called," he added hastily, and I, wondering at the confusion of his speech and somewhat hurt at this exclusion of me, answered:

"I must see him. No. Not now—after the supper. Where will he be then?"

Judas looked at me with a horror growing in his eyes.

"He will surely be in the Garden of Gethsemane. It is at the foot of the Mount of Olives. You reach it from the Temple. By the Golden Gate."

"Of course, I know where the Garden is," I said, wondering still more, and then I put my wonder aside and told him what I had just heard. When I had finished he sat silent for a moment.

Then he began to speak.

"He throws away all his chances. These Judeans are not roused as easily as the Galileans, yet only the other day he entered Jerusalem with triumph such as few men have known. But he would not follow it up. I could not make him see that the Jews want a King, not new teaching. I urged, but he would not act. He had but to lift his hand, and he would have been the leader of a following that would have swept Pilate and the Romans into the sea. After that, could he not have dealt with the Priests? But he must needs go and clear the Courts of the Temple now—now, before he has an army to back him."

Amazed at his talk when I had just told him Jesus was in danger, I said:

"Jesus does not want any but a spiritual kingdom."

Judas looked at me askance.

"He cannot be such a fool," he said.

"It is not folly, but the way out of folly," I answered, but Judas had ceased to listen. He sat bent forward, his elbow on his knee, and, as his custom was, he gnawed his knuckles. Suddenly he straightened himself and said swiftly as if he argued with someone,

"He lacks strength to make himself king. His followers are falling away. Some even of the disciples have left him. When others would take him by force and make him a king he goes away and hides—yes, hides."

His eyes began to glow with their old fanatical light.

"The Pharisees have put this talk of blasphemy about for their own ends, but Jesus will not come out into the open and deny it. If he would but lead us now when the city is full of Galileans, instead of being half-a-dozen unknown men, we should occupy Jerusalem at the head of thousands. The Romans are a mere handful, and would flee before us. But Jesus is too soft."

"Cannot you see how great he is, Judas?" I asked.

Judas moved uneasily.

"No man has greater powers," he said. "Other Deliverers have failed, but Jesus could free us if he willed. If I had but half his power, I would never lay down my arms till we had obtained our freedom. Is this the time to preach love when the Romans have us in their grip? If he is left to go his own way, they will rule for ever. I tell you there is but one . . ."

He bit off his words and was silent. Then I, prompting him, for he seemed as one who talks in his sleep, said:

"Yes, Judas. One way? You said?"

He passed his hand over his eyes bewildered.

"It is naught," he said. Then, rising, he added as if to reassure himself:

"Jesus will not heed me. But we will see. I have done what I could."

"I, too, will do what I can," I said. "I go to see the High Priest." At that I stopped, amazed at the fear that sprang into the eyes of Judas, and, thinking he feared for Jesus, I added:

"Caiaphas was my father's friend. If I tell him I am a friend of Jesus, he may listen."

The fear died out of the eyes of Judas.

"You will not find him now," he said wearily, again as if he spoke in his sleep.

"How do you know? Have you seen him?" I asked, astonished.

"I? Why should I see the High Priest?" said Judas hastily; then, warily, as a man picks his steps across shaking ground, he added:

"Men say there is a Council meeting to-night. I do not know. Why should I know of such things? I must go. I shall be missed at the Supper."

And, abruptly, without further parley, he went on his way.

A BRITISH TYPE.

As though to illustrate the controversy about the public schools, and to prove that the hostile critics cannot have it all their own way, Messrs. Murray have published a Memoir of a typical public-school boy, Archibald Don. It is written by various people who knew the boy, and it represents, as we say, a type—a fine type, certainly, but not a rare one. It is a type to which the country owes much, not merely for the high and grave enthusiasm with which the men who belonged to it took service for the ideals which inspired the beginning of the war; not merely for their ingrained power of leadership, and the devoted spirit with which they sacrificed life and all. It is upon them that we rely for proof that there is something in the English nature far deeper and nobler than could be imagined by the average Imperialist. For in men of this type there is unconsciously revealed a love of country jealous for her reputation, scrupulously critical on behalf of her honor, and filled with the apprehensions of affection such as haunt the mind of a lover or a child.

Many such men and boys we have known, and many have been cut down in youth by a war which, among other incalculable losses, has inflicted upon the country this heaviest loss. Among many thousands Archibald Don was but one, and his Memoir only shows what large numbers of his race are like. Scotland gave him birth, and gave him, no doubt, a certain persistence and gravity of mind. But to Winchester and Cambridge he owed his training, his associations, friendships, and way of life. Certainly it is noticeable that he took hardly any part in the ordinary school games, and was incapable of following the ordinary "classical" course. He felt the inborn British abhorrence of drill and compulsion, whether for war or sport. After long experience of the New Army, he wrote from Salonika that the men will remain essentially civilian to the end:—

"Very few will wish unnecessarily to protract this form of service. Nor do I think that those, for example, who before the war would have opposed the patriotically motivated plan of savoring our Bachelor Degrees with a pinch of musketry and squad drill will feel any more inclined to give their placets now. I imagine that to most men, outside Prussia, war is a nightmare, not a revelation. And it seems, at least to me, quite certain that many of that 'Varsity at the Front' you speak of will return not to convert us to the pleasantness of forming fours, but to some other complicated joys which life can offer."

Perhaps it was the same British distaste for arbitrary and complicated pleasures which debarred him from Greek grammar. Like most boys, he took no interest in it, and saw no reason for it; but, unlike most, he refused to learn it. Winchester, with a good sense no longer so rare as some suppose, allowed him to follow his bent—his strong, natural bent for botany, geology, and other sciences which we may call visible. For, indeed, throughout the book it is evident that his chief faculty lay in the eyes. That is seen in his power of drawing, in his keen observation of all natural objects, and his sense for country and maps. None the less, he had a passion for literature, and a fine judgment for the best. Anchored off Athens in November, 1915, he wrote to his mother:—

"Why should an inability to tackle Greek grammar carry with it, as it almost inevitably does, an ignorance of Greek mythology and literature and history? I know nothing of all this priceless stuff—just because I could not get on with the declension of some word meaning pepper or mustard, and had no memory for the past pluperfect subjunctive of the verb 'to punish.' There is something wrong! Probably among us officers there are not three (out of sixty) who know even vaguely why Salamis was fought. And yet we have between us probably spent some 300 years on Greek verbs and adjectives and silly nouns, and have even tried to write Greek in *verse*."

Again, from the trenches beyond Salonika, he writes, after reading Gilbert Murray's little book on Euripides:—

"That an inability to read Greek should cut one off from the literature of Athens is awful and absurd. I *must* begin to patch up my ignorance in that direction. For it is pretty clear that Athens, to the modern world, is indispensable."

Similarly, during those rather monotonous months upon the hills and lakes north-east of Salonika, in spite of all his interest in the observation of rocks, plants, and birds, the discovery of a mammoth's tusk in the trenches, and the exploration of prehistoric villages and half-barbaric, half-Hellenic tombs for the museum established by Professor Ernest Gardner in the old White Tower of the city—an interest which the present writer eagerly shared—we find him reading with discriminating pleasure all the best literature that came to hand—Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Thackeray, Hobhouse on "Liberalism," Brailsford on "Shelley, Godwin, and their Circle," Clutton Brock on William Morris, and many other works of criticism and history. Scotland, Winchester, and Cambridge had produced in him a man of sweet and enlightened nature, of abounding vigor in mind and body, humorous and high-spirited, alert, and open to every kind of knowledge; as Sir Walter Fletcher

writes of him, "a true amateur—if the word may be used in its undegraded sense—an amateur of all fine things."

Hardly had he begun his course of medicine in London when war came to shatter the scheme of life for him as for all Europe; "War, the most terrible admission of human failure," as he called it; war, the evidence of "Man's incorrigible lunacy." After spending weeks rather uselessly, as he complained, as a Red Cross dresser in France, he joined the 10th Black Watch, actuated by that sensitive patriotism of which we spoke. He saw service in France, and then for many months upon the positions that protect Salonika, where he died (September, 1916) of the malignant malaria which haunts the lakes and river valleys there.

His view of the war, and especially of people most virulently denounced by aging "patriots" whose idea of the country's honor was very different from his, may best be gathered from a few extracts. While still in training at Cambridge, he writes in his diary (January 3rd, 1915):—

"I fear hate and blind opposition to Germany and all things German is growing. I will fight that spirit with all the joy in the world. We are out to crush this spirit of jealousy and hate, and here we are displaying it ourselves."

A few days later:—

"We cannot and we ought not to wish to beat the German people. Democracy and not Militarism will triumph. This is only half the story. This is all most unbecoming in a King's officer. Or is it not? I am offering His Majesty my legs and arms. Must I offer him my mind, too?"

To his friend, G. K. M. Butler, after reading Romain Rolland's "Above the Battlefield" and Bernard Shaw's "Common Sense and the War":—

"The peace we want can only come if Germany will reform herself, and that she will attempt only if we beat her now, then treat her kindly. We are, I trust, out for democracy, and not for gain. But oh! the way the Press goes yattering on, and the old gentlemen, and the clergy—it is amazingly crass."

To Mr. Ogden, Editor of "The Cambridge Magazine" (about March 21st, 1915):—

"Without any exaggeration 'The Cambridge Magazine' has published more sense in eight weeks than almost every other paper I have come across has published in eight months. The stuff which appears in the daily press, and in such intolerable organs as 'The National Review,' 'Blackwood's,' &c., is nauseating to the younger generation."

Following this up, he sent a letter to the "Cambridge Magazine," entitled "A Word to the Middle-Aged: More about the U.D.C." (May 1st, 1915). The point is shown in the following sentences:—

"Now all these middle-aged patriots—for I would like to make every possible excuse for them—have evidently no knowledge whatsoever of the younger generation. Their falling hair would fall out faster still, and yet more rapidly turn white, if they knew how closely in sympathy with the U.D.C. are many of the 'brave young men' who are offering their lives for their country, &c. They little realise that the ideals which they are so inclined to call 'pro-German' are the very ideals which stimulate many who are now for the time being in His Majesty's fighting forces, into a self-sacrifice which they are only too glad to make. . . .

"To many of us, I am sure—for I can judge of others by myself—the greatest trial that this war has brought is that it has released the old men from all restraining influences and has let them loose upon the world. The city editors, the retired majors, the amazons, and last, but I fear not least, the Venerable Archdeacons, have never been so free from contradiction. . . . In our name (and for our sakes, as they pathetically imagine), they are doing their very utmost, it would seem, to perpetuate, by their appeals to hate, intolerance, and revenge, those very follies which have produced the present conflagration."

In June, 1916, he felt bound as an officer to withdraw from the U.D.C. owing to its "appeal for immediate action" with a view to peace. "Decisions, right or wrong, must be left to the old," as he pathetically

wrote, with his resignation, to Mr. Morel. "Those fighting are tongue-tied, and more than tongue-tied, when it comes to a consideration of the terms of Peace." We could go on to quote his admiration of Lowes Dickinson as one who "knows the younger generation," and deserves all support in the conflict against "the very formidable Maxse-Northcliffe coalition." But enough has been quoted to prove that to keen observation, breadth of interest, and a certain charm of life he added the independence and sanity of judgment which are the touchstones of education.

So when critics sneer at our public schools, or denounce them as haunts of lassitude and vice, we may admit all their faults and yet point with a certain pride to a type of man which, after all, they do produce. In moments of perhaps exaggerated patriotism, we are inclined to doubt whether a finer type is frequently and regularly produced by the educational systems of France, America, Germany or Russia. And when we think of the numbers of young men like Archibald Don whom this war has untimely sacrificed, we are inclined, with sorrowing admiration, to apply to our country some famous sentences from the Athenian statesman's eulogy of his city: "We love beauty without extravagance, and wisdom without effeminacy. And one of our people, going out into the world, is likely to confront the most diverse fortunes with self-reliance, and the happiest versatility of body and mind."

Letters to the Editor.

MR. SASSOON AND MR. MORRELL.

SIR,—There is a serious shortage of raw materials, but there appears to be a much more serious shortage of humor, judging by Mr. Philip Morrell's splenetic letter upon your reviewer's treatment of Mr. Siegfried Sassoon's verses. Mr. Morrell complains that your reviewer refused to give the title of poet to Mr. Sassoon, and he is very angry, and impugns your paper. Now, the one apparent fact emphasised by the review is that THE NATION, in its literary pages, is a paper of exceptional impartiality.

Mr. Sassoon's views of war so thoroughly coincide with the views of THE NATION and most of its readers that almost everyone expected, on first thoughts, a highly laudatory review of "Counter Attack." But THE NATION's critical pages, I have noticed with admiration, take no colouring from THE NATION's political views. Mr. Sassoon's verses were judged strictly from a point of view of literature, and they were dismissed as verses and no more; a just verdict.

Mr. Morrell, since the views expressed in Mr. Sassoon's verses so thoroughly express his own, is angry because your critic will not call them great poetry. I am not aware, able as he is in other respects, of any works which justify Mr. Morrell in exercising his opinion as a critic of poetry, and it seems clear in his advocacy that he is confusing poetry with propaganda.

Moreover, he does not pay Mr. Sassoon a very sincere compliment. If he would read his verses more carefully he would find that the author himself is under no delusion as to the literary merit of his work. Mr. Sassoon's mission is to force home a true, as distinct from a sentimental, aspect of war. He does it in powerful verses, whose form and directness will reach the general public, which is quite untouched by the charms and subtlety of fine poetry. He has been successful in his object, but I do not think Mr. Sassoon believes he has established his name as a poet. His insight is too sure to lead him astray into the extravagant belief of Mr. Morrell, and I take this view of the author's estimate of his own work the more surely because I find it expressed in a poem at the end of "Counter Attack." After alluding, in verses that approach poetry, to the genius of Beethoven, Bach, and Mozart, he writes:—

"Great names, I cannot find you now
In these loud years of youth that strives
Through doom toward peace; upon my brow
I wear a wreath of banished lives.
You have no part with lads who fought
And laughed and suffered at my side.
Your fugues and symphonies have brought
No memory of my friends who died.

For when my brain is on their track,
In slangy speech I call them back.
With fox-trot tunes their ghosts I charm."

If Mr. Morrell will carefully read the last three lines he will see that Mr. Sassoon makes no extravagant claim such as he advocates, but is clearly aware of the real value and rank of his verses.

As for the future, it is probable that the intensity of feeling, the depth of indignation, and the courage in conviction which create these verses will later enable Mr. Sassoon to do work that shall take honourable place in the poetry of this land since the capacity to feel acutely is essential to all great work. For the present, to impose a limitation upon Mr. Sassoon by demanding that his present avowed verses be recognised as poetry is an injustice to the author, who must be saved from the unkind generosity of such as Mr. Morrell by the sanity of THE NATION'S reviewer.—Yours, &c.,

CECIL ROBERTS.

SIR,—Your review of Mr. Sassoon's poems in your issue of July 13th lays down certain dogmas which, ancient and respectable as they are, should not be regarded as unquestionable. In criticism of Mr. Sassoon's attempt to portray the war, your reviewer says: "We feel not as we do with true poetry, or true art, that something is, after all, right, but that something is intolerably and irremediably wrong." And again, "There is a value in the plain, unvarnished truth; but there is another truth more valuable still." Why are we to be asked to accept such statements? Being told that "God's in His Heaven" may in the end grow more wearisome to those who certainly are not there, and they may refuse to be put down by being reminded of the serenity of Sophocles, and having it pointed out that Shakespeare, after making a fortune and retiring to Stratford-on-Avon, took a more cheerful view of life than he did when he was writing "King Lear." For my part, I believe that art is important and that truth is important, and that the union of the two is very important, but that it is untrue that something is, after all, right. It is just as easy to turn the "after all" the other way round, to point out how all happiness, even when it seems most innocent, is obtained at the expense of intolerable misery to others, and how even the emotions that seem noblest to those who feel them, are often mere disguises for vanity, despotism, or greed. I do not say that such a view of life would be wholly true; I say only that it is as true as the optimistic view. If art is to remain living, it must be combined with truthfulness. Those who cannot believe that something "is, after all, right," must make and seek an art which is free from this dogma. And among the young they are the vast majority, for it is not only their lives that they are losing in the war.—Yours, &c.,

PHILALETHES.

SIR,—I have still to learn that an unfavourable criticism of a literary work is a libel upon its author; and yet, as far as I can understand him, this is the whole basis of Mr. Morrell's charge against me.

He makes no attempt to controvert my argument that Mr. Sassoon's verses are not poetry; instead, he appears to charge me with neglect of a duty which I was under obligation to perform, namely, "to put my readers into the mood to appreciate for themselves a moving and dramatic document." Yet that was precisely my declared intention. Indeed, the whole point of my criticism was to distinguish between the value of Mr. Sassoon's verses as a psychological document and their insufficiency as poetry, and I endeavoured to suggest the reason of this discrepancy. So far was I from "sitting back in my professorial armchair" and "scolding the writer for his presumption" in writing his verses, that I repeatedly pointed out that their significance as a document was the more striking exactly because they failed as poetry. Mr. Morrell obviously does not recognise such a distinction. Nevertheless, it exists; and for literary criticism to ignore it would be to stultify itself.

I am pleased, however, to learn that "such criticism is only too familiar." That is good news, for how can the production of genuine literature be stimulated save by a criticism which is sensitive to the profound difference between self-betrayal and self-expression? In my "tedious" and "pedantic" way I had imagined that the neglect of just this distinction was the great stumbling block of my contemporaries. How could my endeavour to make the distinction clear be "detraction of a gallant and distinguished author"?

Nevertheless, Mr. Morrell has seen fit to drag in the case of Lockhart and Keats. The example was surely ill-chosen. For is it not he who is in the position of Lockhart? If it means anything, the reference implies that I made an attack upon the person of Mr. Sassoon. Well, I am content to leave that suggestion to the judgment of any candid reader of my review. But to have made it is to have made a personal attack upon me.—Yours, &c.,

YOUR REVIEWER.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED. NATION.]

THE COMING GENERAL ELECTION.

SIR,—As a General Election within the next six months is distinctly one of the possibilities of the situation, it is not too soon to consider the advisability of an understanding between the Liberal and the Labour Parties, similar to that which led to such satisfactory results at the 1906 election.

In the enlarged House of 707 members it is not too much to say that Labour is entitled to 150 seats. It should be able to secure these if given a straight fight with the forces of reaction in 200 constituencies, Labour undertaking, in return for this, to support Liberalism elsewhere.

If this be not done, we shall be in for even a bigger triumph for Toryism—and even with worse results—than those of 1886 and 1895, for the Labour Party has already selected at least 150

candidates, and is on the verge of selecting at least 60 others, with more to follow.

On the other hand, if such an arrangement be made, it should ensure a sufficiently strong Progressive House of Commons to render it possible to amend the Representation of the People Act by the establishment of the Alternative Vote, thus rendering any future adoption of the plan unnecessary.

I venture to quote a borough from my own county as a typical instance of the arrangement that, given a genuine desire for progress, and a reasonable spirit of accommodation, can easily be made.

In Central Leeds the Liberal member, Mr. R. Armitage, has been asked to stand again. A Labour candidate is talked of, but is not yet in sight. In the newly-formed division of N.E. Leeds a Labour candidate has been selected, but no Liberal.

In a straight fight N.E. Leeds is a "cert." for Labour, and Central Leeds—at any rate with Mr. Armitage as candidate—"a good thing" for Liberalism; but in three-cornered contests both would be lost to the common enemy.—Yours, &c.,

A YORKSHIRE RADICAL.

P.S.—It is noteworthy that "The Herald" admits that even a Labour candidate of the calibre of Mr. Clynes could not win without Liberal aid.

MR. McCURDY'S DEFENCE.

SIR,—Among the numerous criticisms of Mr. McCurdy's pamphlet which I made in your issue of July 13th, there is only one to which he attempts a reply. He has still the hardihood to maintain that "the story of a secret treaty made at any time for the dismemberment of Germany is a pure myth." If this is the point on which he chooses to join issue, I certainly do not complain; he could not have chosen ground more damaging to his own cause.

His method of explaining away the Franco-Russian agreement of 1917 is peculiar. He purports, in his letter, to describe the whole transaction. "What happened," he says, "was this. The French Republic was considering the possible terms of an offer of peace to be made to Germany." He then describes the terms. "The French Ambassador inquired whether the support of the Czar would be forthcoming in the event of France making an offer of peace and asking for these concessions." And here his account ends! He adds not a single word to tell the reader what happened afterwards.

What did, in fact, happen? The "inquiry" was followed by a request for the assent of Russia "in a formal manner"; the Czar agreed in principle; the Russian Foreign Minister asked for "the draft of an agreement" (I never called it a treaty) "which would then be given a formal sanction by an exchange of Notes"; and on February 14th this exchange of Notes (one of the recognised forms of diplomatic agreement) actually took place.

All this Mr. McCurdy simply omits. I do not think it is necessary for me to say any more.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON.

SIR,—It is strange that Mr. McCurdy cannot see the point of his critics. The charge against him is not that he has not fully disclosed the documents, but that in his commentary he has misrepresented them. But the quarrel with Mr. McCurdy is deeper than this. It is that his defence of the secret treaties involves a denial of the principles of public right for which we are fighting.

In his letter of July 20th he asks: "Does anyone suggest that it would have been wrong for France . . . to suggest, as a matter for discussion at a peace conference, the formation of a buffer-state?" He goes on: "Are there any terms of peace which a bleeding and dismembered France might propose to Germany without being accused of shameful and predatory designs?" At one and the same time Mr. McCurdy defends the demands of these secret agreements, first on the ground that they are not seriously meant, and, secondly, on the ground that any demands France likes to make would be justifiable. The first line of defence is hazardous. Does Mr. McCurdy think that France was not prepared to demand the unconditional surrender of Alsace-Lorraine? If so, why does he imagine that the idea of a buffer-state was only put forward for discussion at a peace conference? His whole interpretation is belied by the character of the documents he publishes. They are terms which some French statesmen hoped to impose on a conquered Germany. If, however, Mr. McCurdy is prepared to stand by his second line of defence, grim rhetoric though it is, then why does he trouble about his first defence? If France is justified in asking anything she likes, why defend her proposals by saying that after all they are mere bargaining bluff? And what are we to say of this second line of defence? Only this, that if it was a sin against democracy for Germany to annex Alsace-Lorraine, it is equally a sin for France to annex or determine the future of people living on the left bank of the Rhine without reference to their wishes. Such a proposal is the more shameful when made by statesmen who are fighting for democracy and freedom. The fact that France is bleeding and dismembered may excuse any demands she makes, but it cannot make wrong right. Indeed, it is just the sufferings of France that might lead her to regard what is essentially wrong as somehow justifiable in her case. As it happens, the conscience of France is not so dull as Mr. McCurdy's. As Mr. Robert Dell has pointed out: "When the fact of this secret agreement was discovered, the indignation in the Chamber of Deputies

was such that M. Ribot was obliged to repudiate it and declare it to be null and void. 'France' never made such demands." Yet Mr. McCurdy defends what France has indignantly repudiated. Perhaps France, like the Bishop of Oxford, has been corrupted by the U.D.C.!

As to the future of Turkey, Mr. McCurdy evades the issue. We are not choosing between the Allies' Partition-treaty and Brest-Litovsk. It is no defence of the former to say how bad the latter is. If the Allies could determine the future of Asia Minor, they could, if they wished, and if they were loyal to their own principles, re-establish the kingdom of Armenia. They did not propose to do anything of the kind for frankly Imperialist reasons. Confronted with this fact, Mr. McCurdy says he prefers the Partition-treaty to Brest-Litovsk. So do we; but the Partition-treaty remains dishonourable and predatory. However, Mr. Lloyd George has repudiated it, so far as we are concerned. Why does Mr. McCurdy defend it? Yours, &c.,

H. G. WOOD.

Woodbrooke, Birmingham, July 20th, 1918.

RUSSIA AND THE ALLIED INTERVENTION.

SIR,—In the last number of THE NATION Madame Polovtsev stated what she conceived to be the present condition of Russian opinion on the question of intervention.

Her estimate was as follows: On the one hand "the definitely expressed opinion of the majority of the Russian people" has declared against intervention, while, on the other hand, the minority—that is, "the Cadets, like other Conservative parties"—are for intervention. The picture she gives is rather alarming, and might very easily disquiet open-minded but ill-informed Allied democrats, particularly at a moment when intervention has actually begun. There is, however, another side to the picture, and Madame Polovtsev's arithmetic stands in need of some correction.

In making up her majority, Madame Polovtsev adds together what she calls the "de facto government," that is to say, the Bolsheviks, and a group diametrically opposed to them, namely, that group of members of the Constituent Assembly which commissioned Kerensky to inform public opinion in the West of its attitude to intervention. All Kerensky's speeches and the group's own resolution express a clear and definite desire for military aid from the Allies for the purpose of resisting German aggression. And it is only by employing quotations torn from their context and ignoring the general meaning of the declaration that it is possible to extract from it the contrary significance.

Madame Polovtsev allows herself even greater liberty when she deals with the attitude of the Cadets. It is perfectly true that during the Revolution the Cadets were always in the minority. They did not promise either immediate peace or an earthly paradise forthwith. On the contrary, they persistently urged that victory over the Germans was a necessary condition of the existence of Russia, and that to fight the Germans was the duty of every Russian. But it is absolutely untrue that the Cadets were, or are, ready to seek support either from the Allies or from the Germans. Madame Polovtsev declares; "We know the present orientation of many members of the Cadet party," and refers to the acceptance by several Cadets of portfolios in the Ukrainian Government. I do not know in any detail how that Government was formed. But then who does know? Kerensky told me when he was in London that the Germans declared to the moderate parties in Kieff: "Either you must form a Government or else we shall occupy the whole country." That, at any rate, does not look very much like a friendly argument.

But leaving the matter of the Ukrainian Government out of the question, it is as well to remember that the attitude of a political party is primarily expressed in the acts and resolutions of its central executive organ, and it is these that must be taken into account in forming a fair and honest estimate of the party.

In June, Count Mirbach proposed to the Cadets that they should form a Government with his help, and even offered, if they would do so, to revise the peace of Brest-Litovsk. But the Cadets refused. They did not believe that the offer to revise the Brest peace was serious, and, more than that, they knew that a Democratic Government could not be based on German bayonets. And, as though to confirm their refusal, they sent President Wilson a declaration in which they ask the Allies to help Russia. But, they add, "It is furthermore imperative for Russian public opinion to receive assurances that the expedition be co-ordinated with the inviolability of the rights and interests of Russia, and that the action of all the Allies on Russian territory be performed under international control." In this, the point of view of the Cadets entirely coincides with that of the resolution of the groups of the Constituent Assembly. Madame Polovtsev is so concerned for the independence of the Russian people that she fears the appearance of Allied forces in Russia, but she is completely silent concerning that intervention which the Germans are already carrying out with the help of the Bolsheviks. Perhaps her respectful silence is due to a desire to spare the feelings of what she calls the "de facto Government." But even assuming that the People's Commissaries are a Government, which they are certainly not, it is absolutely impossible to regard them as an independent Russian Government.

An ideologist of German Imperialism, Paul Rohrbach says:—"Great Russia is for the Bolsheviks, and the Bolsheviks for us. The Bolsheviks are in our hands, and must be grateful

for everything that we offer them." And again:—"For the present there is for us no greater interest in the East than the interest of maintaining Bolshevism."

This is cynical but frank. And not only the Russians but the Allies should draw from this frankness all the necessary deductions. Such deductions will form a firm basis for judging of intervention, the whole purpose of which should be to enable Russia to free herself from the hands of the Germans. There is a dangerous alternative to intervention expressed by Rohrbach in the words, "Anyone who destroys the strength of Muscovy is rendering a service to mankind."

But those of us Russians—whether Socialists or Cadets or non-party—who long for the liberation and regeneration of Russia think otherwise. We know that it is only with the support of the Allies, who together are fighting the great battle of Democracy, that Russia will recover her power to make her own special contribution to the world's civilization. And we are confident that the Allies realise the necessity, in their own interest as well as in the interest of Russia, of giving us their support.—Yours, &c.,

ARIADNA TYRKOVA.

Member of the Central Committee
of the Cadet Party.

22, Gerald Road. 22nd July, 1918.

Poetry.

SHEPHERDS WHO PASTURES SEEK.

SHEPHERDS who pastures seek,
At dawn may see
From Falterona's peak
Above Camaldoli
Shine, over forests ranged and wildernesses bleak,
Both shores of Italy.
*Open your gates, O ye sleeping clouds of the morning,
And men, lift up your eyes!*

And scarce one eye can see light
When the ear's aware
That instruments exquisite
Are raining from the air—
While sun and pale moon mingle their delight—
Adorations everywhere.
*Open your gates, O ye listening stars of the morning,
And men, lift up your eyes!*

Halo of golden dust—
Eddy of rays
Thrilling up, up, as they must
Die of the life they praise—
The larks! the larks! that to the Earth entrust
Only their sleeping-place.
*Open your gates, O ye rock-bound valleys of morning,
And men, lift up your eyes!*

Open Night's blue Pantheon—
It's dark roof-ringing
For that escaping pean
Of tremblers on the wing
At the unknown threshold of the empyrean
In myriads soft to sing.
*Open your gates O ye temple-veils of the morning,
And men, lift up your eyes!*

Hark! It grows less and less—
But nothing mars
That rapture beyond guess
Beyond our senses bars—
They drink the virgin Light, the measureless,
And in it fade, like stars.
*Open your gates, O ye dew-like Spirits of morning,
And men, lift up your eyes!*

Between two lamps suspended
Of Life and Death,
Sun-marshall'd and moon-tended
Man's swift soul journeyeth
To be borne out of the life it hath transcended
Still, still on a breath!
*Open your gates, O ye wingéd sons of the morning,
O men, lift up your eyes!*

HERBERT TRENCH.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "General Smuts's Campaign in East Africa." By Brigadier General J. H. V. Crowe, C.B. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Natural Science and the Classical System in Education." Essays, new and old. By Sir Ray Lankester. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "The Human Needs of Labor." By Seeborn Rowntree. (Nelson. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Prelude." A Tale. By Katherine Mansfield. (Hogarth Press, Richmond. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Foe-Farrell." A Novel. By "Q." (Collins. 6s. net.)

* * *

READING Ralph Fitch's voyage in Hakluyt a while ago, I came across this passage:—

"Here in Patanaw I saw a dissembling prophet which sate upon an horse in the market-place and made as though he slept, and many of the people came and touched his feet with their hands and then kissed their hands. They took him for a great man, but sure he was a lazie lubber."

Mr. Fitch, at a hazard, was a Celt. Of course, there are numerous modern implications in the passage, but it seems to me chiefly interesting as a possible solvent of the meaning of dullness, both in life and letters. What you feel in Mr. Fitch's remark is a sudden release from a spell; a curve, a swerving out from the interminable straight line of idolatry, or, in other words, automatic make-believe. At any rate, emboldened by this dashing apostasy, I will venture a definition of dullness. In the particular, it means either a collection of irrelevant facts, facts of a spontaneous generation, without bearing upon truth, without reference to some universal idea or hypothesis; it means the repetition of mechanical processes (whether of thought or action) which are not worth while for their own sake, and for the promise of organic fulfilment contained in them. A dull wallpaper is one patterned in a meaningless decoration. In general, I should call it the loss of the spirit in mechanism, of the human being in his institutions, of the text in the commentary, of God in graven images. The principle of dullness resides in the man-was-made-for-the Sabbath theory of life.

* * *

THIS sounds like a covering generalization, as broad as the heavens. But that is what it all comes back to. Excitement, for instance, is a false antithesis to dullness, quite as false as it is to assume that "virtue" is humdrum and "vice" a merryandrew. Take the Press and the mass-mind it nourishes. There is, surely, enough excitement for anybody! The pulpy heart pants and sticks to the sleeve. But does its inebriety relieve us from dullness? Is it not rather a poetic justice for cozenage and quackery of thought (viz.: automatic make-believe) that it should merge into a flat, arid standardization of thought and idiom? The neutrality of custom covers as by a dank mist the antics of the revellers. Could anything be more tedious than a routine of artificially stimulated excitement? It is the routine, the repetition, which wears us down into an acquiescence, which is at the heart of dullness. It is a reproach against our country that we make a fetish of dullness. We do not because, whatever our frailties, we are, after all, human beings, and they who call out upon us, "Go up, ye dullards," are as dull as we are, because they too are taught to be dull in youth, to prepare the way for leading still duller lives in manhood. Dr. Skinner, the routine-monger in the "Way of All Flesh," is the head-master, it would seem, not only of Roughborough School but of Dotheboys Hall. Our schools teach us the routine of dullness; our business manufactures dullness, and our Press, relieving us from dullness by delirium in order to make our dull lives tolerable and ourselves submissive to the normal dullness of our lives, is most damnable dull. The mechanism is all.

* * *

Now an age can be dreary as well as its books, and if a man should ask why an age has forgotten Christ, the answer

should be—because it has changed the wine of life into water, because it has made the human being the instrument of an external mechanism, remote from his needs. This mechanism, imposed upon him from without (this denying the spiritual law), is of the essence of dullness, because it provides a mechanical simplification of human variety. The following remarkable words are from Henry James's criticism of Balzac:—

"The fatal fusions and uniformities inflicted on our newer generations, the running together of all the differences of form and tone, the ruinous liquefying wash of the great industrial brush over the old conditions of contrast and color, doubtless still have left the painter of manners much to do, but have ground him down to the sad fact that his ideals of differentiation, those inherent oppositions from type to type, in which drama most naturally resides, have well-nigh perished."

And literature, with all men simplified as one man, and he a mechanical quantity, a drab stranger is the vari-colored workshop of Nature, must in the end suffer the dull fate of its human material.

* * *

WHAT, then, is the true antipodes to dullness for them both? I should say—expression. Ingenious and mechanical forms in art interpose themselves between its materials and their expression—corresponding forms interpose themselves between the human material and its expression. Pedantry in art and letters is the same thing as tyranny in life. For ultimately expression is simply the *cogito ergo sum*, the "I AM" of the universe and God the complete expression, the perfect creation. And it is a truism to say that there is a relationship between the human idea and the idea of the universe. Still thridding the hedgerow of our subject, we can perceive on the one side the concrete living human being, telling its own story and evoking its own reactions and discover in him the divine surprise, novelty, ardor and sweetness of reality. On the other side, if we perceive excellence and a kind of integrity in the harmony of the universe, so likewise should we read there distinction, freshness, and an infinite diversity. The dull monotony of the average seems to carry with it a sense of the false as well as of the automatic. But I can best explain the use of "expression" by quoting F. W. Robertson:—

"What we want is life, more life, and fuller. To escape from monotony, to get away from the life of mere routine and habits, to feel that we are alive and with more of surprise and wakefulness in our existence. To have less of the gelid, torpid, tortoise-like existence. To be consciously existing. Now this desire lies at the bottom of many forms of life which are apparently as diverse as possible."

* * *

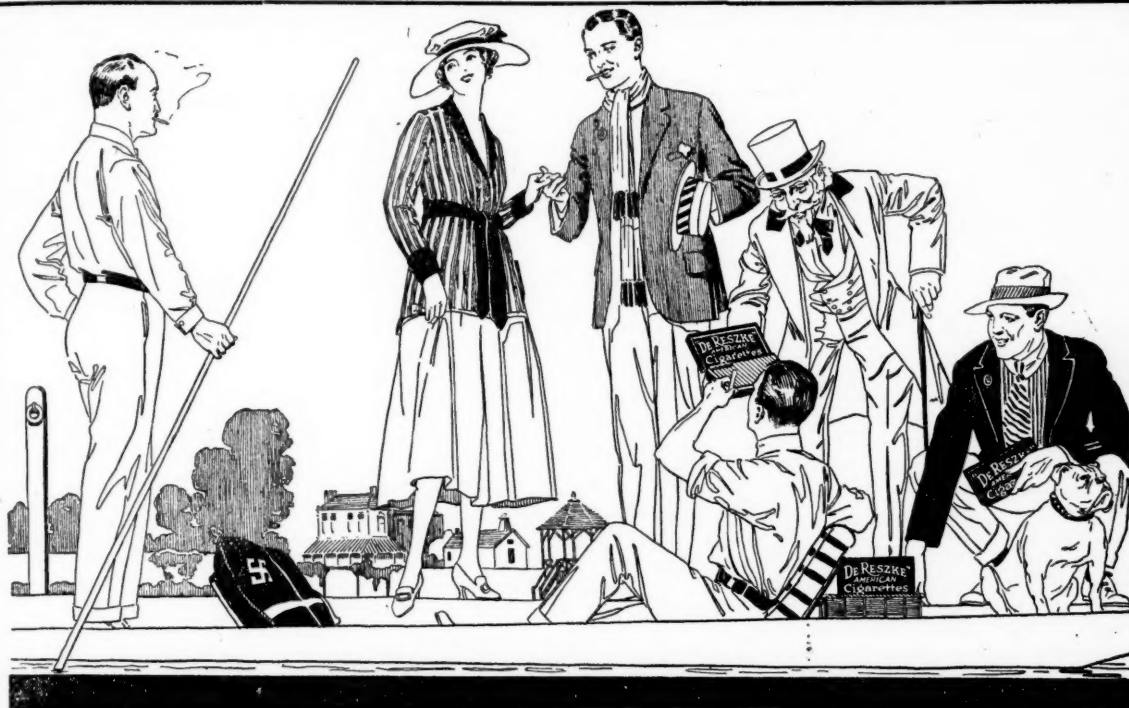
If there be any truth in this, the aim of the reformer should be to banish dullness from the Commonwealth. Nor will it be ever banished or even affronted until "we" is substituted for what folks, half in derision, half in awe and fear generalize as "they," until the cult of drudgery is nailed down as a blasphemy against human life, and mechanism is supplanted by pleasure and interest in daily work. That pleasure and interest are, as Morris saw so clearly, the infallible prognostic of art, and I cannot, therefore, think it extravagant to repeat in his words—"the cause of art is the cause of the people." The problem is whether it be possible to get men's true wants clear of the perversions and frustrations which prevent them from exercising their choice, and finding their due expression and the way to solve it is by getting rid of all the rubbish which gets between what I may call the good nature of man (it is good, because it is the raw material of the infinite and perfectible) and the direction, energy and satisfaction of that nature. Mankind has to seek the remedy for dullness and lethargy or irresponsibility in himself, draw what he finds there into the light of day and embody it in the art of living, of which the work of art, both in process and achievement, is the microcosm. In a comparatively recently-discovered manuscript of the New Testament occurs a passage describing how Christ saw on the Sabbath a shoemaker at work, and said to him:—"Man, if thou knowest what thou dost, blessed art thou, but if thou knowest not thou art condemned." *Il faut cultiver notre jardin.*

H. J. M.

Picture Offer

To "De Reszke" Smokers

This picture, "Miss America Advances—She Goes Up-river With The Silver Badgers," printed in colours on art paper 15 ins. by 10 ins., will be sent free to any smoker forwarding to address below a "De Reszke" box lid and 4d. in stamps, mentioning Picture No. 58.



Miss America Advances

Episode VII. She Goes Up-River With The Silver Badgers

"Jolly nice of you to come along, Miss America."

"Why, that's all right. We're in for a real good time, and you boys deserve it—that's why I've brought some of Uncle Sam's Best."

The Aristocrat of Virginias

It is less than a year ago since Mr. J. Millhoff, the doyen blender, recommended his new blend—the "De Reszke" American—as a better Virginia than any other within my experience."

To-day few smokers could be found who would not readily agree that the "De Reszke" American is the unquestioned Aristocrat among Virginia Cigarettes. Its qualities have won the whole-hearted admiration of many notable men and women. The following are a few more of the many favourable opinions received. Others may be seen in other "De Reszke" advertisements.

From the Creator of "Chu Chin Chow":

"I have tried the 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes and found them most excellent. I shall have pleasure in placing an order for some."

—OSCAR ASCHE.

From the Author of "General von Sneak":

"I have tried the 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes and am of opinion that there are no better and, as the veteran cricketer said of Barnes's bowling, 'there couldn't be any.'"

—ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

From the Heroine of "By Pigeon Post":

"I consider the 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes delicious and the nicest Virginia that has come my way."

—MADGE TITHERADGE.

From the Organist of Westminster Abbey:

"The 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes seem to me very pleasant and mild."

—SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, Mus. Doc.

From the well-known Novelist and Journalist:

"I should like to pay you the compliment of my humble praise for your 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes."

—HAROLD BEGBIE.

From the Famous Pianist-Composer:

"Your 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes are excellent—both mild and full-flavoured. The tobacco is of the very first class."

—JOSEF HOLBROOKE.

MISS AMERICA ADVANCES.

VII.

The River's aglow
With a glory inviting,
So come let us go—
And forget all the fighting;
A day on the river! What pleasure's so thrilling,
"De Reszkes" to smoke and a girl not unwilling?
Come punt me through Staines,
Up to Windsor and Eton,
Forget all your pains—
Now we've got a rare treat on;
A day on the river! What pleasure can match it,
"De Reszkes" to smoke and a lunch down at Datchet?
And when coming back,
In the glamour of gloaming,
No pleasure we'll lack,
As through Laleham we're homing;
A night on the river! the Thames softly flowing,
"De Reszkes" to smoke, and stars faintly glowing

J. T. W.

See the personal guarantee of Mr. J. Millhoff, the doyen of all blenders, enclosed in every box of "De Reszke" American Cigarettes.

25
for
2/-

10 for 9½d., 20 for 1/7, 50 for 3/11
SOLD EVERYWHERE

Or post free from J. Millhoff & Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 30), 86, Piccadilly, London, W. 1

100
for
7/8

De Reszke American
CIGARETTES

Reviews.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONFLICT.

ONE of the finest of European thinkers, Jules de Gaultier, began his last book, published on the eve of the war, with an investigation of pacifism. This essay, so much more timely than the writer knew, was specially concerned with Novicov's pacifism. Gaultier, with his usual calm and penetrative subtlety, easily demolished that too simple-minded enthusiast's conception of an approaching Utopia of gentle uniformity, and set forth the essential place of conflict in the world. But he went beyond his text, he affirmed not merely the eternity of conflict, but also of that special form of it called war. Whether the distinguished French philosopher still complacently accepts the permanence of war in human affairs, or whether he now suspects that his defence of war was a manifestation of that Bovarism he has himself so luminously defined, there is no public evidence to show. For the present he philosophizes no more, but, like so many ordinary people, is absorbed by a new and unaccustomed routine of work, and also, like so many of the rest of us, he has information which induces him to believe that the enemy will shortly collapse.

That confusion, however, between conflict and war—for it is as a confusion that it will here be regarded—has played a large part in the minds alike of those who approve and those who condemn war. The militarist is, as a matter of course, at one with the French philosopher in identifying war with all aspiring struggle, and naturally we find that Germany, as the classic land of militarism in our time, abounds in vigorous exponents of this view. Jules de Gaultier here finds Moltke as a strange bed-fellow. It was in 1880 that Moltke wrote in his famous letter to Professor Bluntschli in London: "Eternal peace is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream, and war is a part of God's world-order." In war are developed the noblest virtues of mankind: courage and sacrifice, fidelity and the willingness to sacrifice life itself. Without war the world would be swallowed up in materialism." The old man, whose own personal virtues were of an entirely peaceful and rural character, was unconsciously repeating (as his biographer, Jähn, admits) what had been said—and indeed better said, though in much the same words—forty years earlier by a more obscure German, Ottocar von Platen, but the fact that the saying was a mere *cliché* in current use only makes it the more significant. Nor is it necessary to ask whether Germany was ever so "swallowed up in materialism" as after the successful wars through which Moltke guided her, for we are here concerned to unravel a delusion and not to consider the imbecilities that delusion may lead to in human practice.

The militarist, however, would not have been able to cherish this delusion so long if the pacifist had not made the way easy for him. Indeed, a great part of the responsibility belongs to the pacifist, who usually claims to be in the field of philosophic thought, a field which the militarist is quite content to trample down contemptuously with a few conventional moral formulas. So that militarist and pacifist play into each other's hands like two accomplished jugglers, adroitly changing the ball they play with, which at one moment is Conflict and at another War, to the bewilderment of the spectator. Novicov, as a typical pacifist, is admirably adapted for this game.

Regarded less as a game than as a logical perversion, one may say that what we are concerned with here is a confusion between the species and the genus, so that we may talk about the genus and mean the species, or ostensibly vilify one species of the genus and really mean another species. It is much the same as though an attack on the poisonous qualities of the Deadly Nightshade were to be met by an enthusiastic defence of the Potato; since both plants belong to the same or allied orders it is easy for the controversialist to typify the whole group either in the poisonous leaves of the one plant or the useful tubers of the other, according to the necessities of his argument. Conflict we may regard as the genus and Warfare as a species, a species which we may if we like compare to the Nightshade, but must in no case confound with the whole order.

This view, indeed, is not that of Pierre Bovet, in his

recent book, "L'Instinct Combatif." Approaching the question from the pedagogical standpoint, Bovet is one of those who confuse the species with the genus. For him all the forms of conflict, good or bad, are transmutations of warfare, mere varieties of the species. War, he argues, may be complicated into the modern struggle for existence, or deviated into wild competition, or objectivated into an interest in violence and bloodshed, or subjectivated as by the Jesuits or the Salvationists, or platonized into diplomacy and intellectual games, or, finally, in accordance with the part assigned to all the primary instincts by Freud, sublimated into the highest forms of social and spiritual activity, in art and morals and religion. Ingenious as this conception is, and even in a strictly limited sense true, it is hopelessly inadequate when we take a broader view of the phenomena. It is not even satisfactory, as Bovet himself admits, when we consider war itself, for, as he remarks, so far from being the outcome of a primary instinct, "all that we know of modern wars associates them with the cupidity of the few rather than with the combativity of the many." Moreover, Bovet's own data on the combative instinct in children show that it is a temporary phase in development, appearing, on the average, at the age of nine and passing away about the age of twelve. The child is the analogue of the race, and we shall probably best understand war if we regard it as a passing phase of the world's childhood, useful, it may be, at the time of its manifestation, out of place alike in the earlier and the later phases of the race's development. But the great principles of conflict in life stand on a far wider basis and are built into the structure of the world.

That is what a pacifist such as Novicov altogether fails to understand. To him Darwinism has no meaning. The collective murder of war is not merely a social method of struggle ill-adapted for the present phase of civilization, it is altogether without foundation in the world, and civilization consists in "the adaptation of the planet to the needs of man." Mankind is thus regarded as an abstraction simplified almost to Euclidian proportions. At the utmost it becomes a flock moved by a single common need. That there must ever be a vast variety of needs, that needs are always changing, that consequently there is perpetual struggle in the world, a state of conflict which must be resolved by some method, whether or not of war, Novicov was unable to conceive. To this simple-minded pacifist humanity was a herd, whose business it was to maintain association throughout life, and human need seemed so simple that no question of conflict over its gratification could be contemplated. If humanity were indeed so simple a thing as this, if the needs of civilization were so primitive and elementary, no doubt war could be eliminated without any trouble (the only trouble would be to discover how it ever originated), but its absence would mean the absence of other things of far greater worth. It is probable that most of us sympathize with William James when, after describing a delightful week he had spent at one of the famous Chautauqua gatherings, he speaks of the relief with which he re-entered the savage and primitive atmosphere of the wicked world, with its everlasting conflict between the powers of light and the powers of darkness. "In this unspeakable Chautauqua there was no potentiality of death in sight anywhere, and no point of the compass visible from which danger might possibly appear."

So it comes about that while for the too abstract pedagogue like Bovet the nightshade may be all sublimated into the potato, for the thorough-going Pacifist like Novicov all potatoes are nightshades, and for the thorough-going Militarist like Moltke all nightshades are potatoes. In other words, war is regarded as the eternal and supreme type of conflict in the world, and for one side it is all good because it is conflict, and for the other all bad because it is war. On neither side can we see the slightest recognition of that fundamental truth, built into the very foundations of life, of the universe itself, that conflict is a genus with many species, of which war is only one.

We are helped to realize this merely specific character of war when we remember that its peculiar trait is violence. Many various traits may mark the different forms of conflict, but violence, purposed and organized violence, remains the specific trait of war. According to the dictum of one of the greatest authorities, Clausewitz: "War is an act of violence for the purpose of compelling the adversary to fulfil our will"; and he adds that with this object it equips itself

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And the rats were smiling there,
Padding softly through the dung;
Would they fix the pince-nez
In the gentle urban way?
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In the gallery where the fat men go?"

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When the furnace stoked by the old has burnt itself to ashes, and the remnants of youth return to life—when the tongue of youth is loosened and its voice once more becomes articulate, this House will see that youths' clothes shall again become individual; the standardisation and uniformity shall become a dead war relic, and new and finer materials shall express the mentality of a world which is going to be ruled by a new and finer generation.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, let us "get on with the war," as the Warriors in the House of Commons say, and mention the mundane fact that at 14, Old Broad Street, London, W. 1, the following prices at least keep within the border of sanity. Lounge Suits from £7 7s., Dinner Suits from £10 10s., Overcoats from £6 6s.; Service Jackets from £5 15s. 6d., Slacks from £2 12s. 6d.; Bedford Cord Breeches from £4 4s.

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THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of this Company was held on the 23rd inst., at Caxton Hall, Westminster. Mr. J. Browne-Martin (the Chairman) presided, and in moving the adoption of the report, which recommended a dividend of 6 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares, said: "It has been my custom for many years past to commence my address to you with an explanation of the accounts of the Company for the financial year which we have under review. As I indicated last year when we met, we had received notice from the Food Controller that our flour mills had been taken over by him as from April 20th, 1917. I also said I could not tell what the effect of the control would be on the finances of the Company. I am afraid that up to the present I am still unable to tell you, but I may say that on May 24th of this year, the Company entered into an agreement with the Food Controller on behalf of himself as Controller and his successors in office and his Majesty's Government, to settle the compensation to be paid to owners of flour mills controlled, and with respect to other matters arising out of such control. As the agreement has been entered into at such a recent date, you can readily understand that the various adjustments in respect to remuneration have not been settled, but the remuneration of flour mills will be the pre-war standard of profits as ascertained for the purposes of the computation of excess profits duty with some modification.

Unfortunately for the Company, as you know, our London mill was not fully completed in the pre-war period; we are, therefore, unable to reap during the war the full advantages in the way of returns on our capital as might have fairly been anticipated. We trust, however, that when the remuneration of the Company is fixed this matter will be borne in mind, and that some allowance will be made. Of course, as you know, the sale of loaves at fixed prices, as fixed by the Ministry of Food, necessitates the sale to the baker of flour at a loss, taking into consideration the price of wheat and grain, as sold to us by the Royal Commission on Wheat Supplies, and it thus devolves on the Ministry of Food to subsidise millers to make up for the loss, and pay remuneration as previously referred to. Naturally, our interests are chiefly centered in Hovis, and you will be anxious to hear how Hovis has been affected. The sales for the financial year ending March 31st last, were in excess of the previous year, and slightly less than the year ending March 31st, 1914, the pre-war year, and one would not have wished it to be otherwise when taking into account the wishes of the Food Controller that less bread should be eaten. We have, however, all had through the Press the cheering news from the Food Controller that our position in this country, so far as food is concerned, is practically assured."

Mr. T. C. Fitton seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

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with the inventions of the arts and sciences; while, long before Clausewitz, the classical definition of war, set forth by Cicero, was finally formulated by Grotius as a conflict by methods of violence, *certatio per vim*.

So to formulate war, to place it correctly in its classificatory position, is a direct aid to clear thinking. When we have done so, moreover, we realize that a method of which the essence is violence is alien to all those arts of living which since the beginnings of civilization we have been painfully striving to develop. Thus war, as a settlement of national conflicts, is for us to-day antiquated, just as the parallel but earlier method of violence in the settlement of personal conflicts is antiquated. That is not to say that war has never had any beneficial influence at an earlier stage of civilization. Such a position would be untenable. We cannot escape from the fact that the slow process of civilization first emerges into the stage of history precisely at the point when the Bronze Age had passed into the Iron Age, at the point, that is to say, when it became possible to manufacture satisfactorily the deadly weapons demanded by war, the point where, as we are able to discern, war actually became acute and prominent in human affairs to a degree far beyond its previous small beginnings. The "Iliad," the record of a war, is the characteristic prelude to European history. Why war should in that phase of man's history have been associated with progress is a problem which remains unsolved. It cannot be said that it has yet been even seriously approached. We may perhaps suppose, to fall back on the old analogy, that at that stage our Belladonna plant had not evolved the full potency of its poison, so that the witchcraft of its mirage-producing drug action caused comparatively little evil. We are still, however, too near the beginning of history. It is only to-day indeed that we have discovered the existence of the magnificent Minoan Age, faintly reflected in Homer, which immediately preceded that beginning. We must be outside the phase of war to understand war intelligently, and as yet, it must be remembered, we are still in the Iron Age. It is even argued by some that the present war is really just a struggle between rival national combinations to secure the iron ores of Lorraine and the strip of French and Belgian ore-bearing land to the north.

Putting aside the partisans of war, it seems difficult to find advocates of violence in any department of life. One exception must be made. For those Syndicalists who accept M. Georges Sorel as their philosopher, violence, far from belonging to the archiepiscopal category of "regrettable necessities," is an essential and beneficial part of the world's order, exactly as for Moltke and the militarists. This disciple of Bergson, who has sometimes proved so disturbing to his fellow-disciples, piquantly combines a reverence for classic ideals and an almost Puritanic moral asceticism with the adoration of violence. But he has extended the militarist's conception of violence. For Sorel the strike is a phenomenon of war, and nowadays the only promising kind of war, provided that it embodies the proletarian violence of class struggle, "*une chose très belle et très héroïque*," capable of saving the world from barbarism in the same way as, Sorel conceives, war saved the world from barbarism in antiquity. This apology for violence stands alone, and we need scarcely attempt to weaken its force by inquiring how it is that a civilization so copiously aspersed with violence should still need more violence to redeem it.

Violence occupies an ever smaller part in our vision of the world. Even for pre-human eras we no longer invoke it. The catastrophic theory of geology has passed away, and even the discontinuous element in evolution has failed to fill any important place. Six days has long ceased to suffice for our picture of creation, and even six million years now go but a little way. The occasional emergence of a moment's violence is but a little thing in this vast sea. Yet the conflict of forces and the struggle of opposing wills are of the essence of our universe, and alone hold it together.

It is with the notions of effort and resistance that we have formed our picture of the universe and that Darwin made intelligible the manner in which we ourselves came to be. It is on the like basis that our spiritual world rests. We create in art on the same plan and with the same materials as the world is created—making greater things, Keats said, than the Creator himself made—and it is precisely in the most fundamental arts, in architecture and in

dancing, that we find conflict and resistance most definitely embodied. Every pose of the dancer is the achievement of movement in which the maximum of conflicting muscular action is held in the most fluidly harmonious balance. Every soaring arch of the architect is maintained by an analogous balance of opposing thrusts, without which harmoniously maintained struggle his art, like the Creator of the world's art, would collapse in ruins. For in the creation of the forms of art, we see, as in the evolution of the forms of animal life, there is no room for violence; conflict and resistance go hand-in-hand with harmony and balance; we must go very low down in the arts—indeed to the most degraded of all—to find that knock-out blow adored of the militarist.

It is not otherwise throughout the spiritual sphere in which man's evolution moves. All the great achievements of mankind have slowly been reached and slowly extended by heroic effort and sustained struggle with earlier and outworn cultural achievements which had become less fit for human use. We vaguely divine, and sometimes even definitely trace, the superb struggles that thence arose, from the discovery of fire and the introduction of agriculture and the domestication of animals and the use of metals, onwards to the conquest over the air which we are but attaining, and the conquest over war which we have not even yet attained. Among more primitive peoples we see such cultural conflicts even to-day, and Dr. Rivers, who has so thoroughly studied them in Melanesia, concludes that in the contact and interaction of different cultures are furnished "the starting-point of all the great movements in human history which we are accustomed to regard as Progress."

Guizot, in his "History of European Civilization," was probably correct in insisting that the hard fortune of Europe in toil and struggle, as compared with the smooth tranquillity of some other civilizations, was really Europe's good fortune. It is in such toils and struggles that the spirit of heroism is developed; war may give it scope—a fruitless scope which means less than nothing for human progress—but the tasks of civilization have created the stuff of it. It was in peace, not in war, that the heroes of to-day were nurtured. There is, indeed, no task of the muscles or of the brain in our ever shifting civilization which may not be the training ground for heroism and the field of its manifestations.

The world is cemented with blood and sweat; without pain and fortitude—that is to say, without struggle and conflict—there would have been no world at all. Thus it is that there is no standing ground anywhere for the pacifist of the (in the strict sense) namby-pamby type, as little as there is for the militarist, since both alike support the delusion that, with the ending of war, struggle and heroism would vanish from earth.

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found its pivot in the mutability of species. The share he took in it was second only to that of his life-long friend Charles Darwin."

The chief features in his career may be briefly outlined. Son of the eminent botanist, Sir W. J. Hooker, he was born at Halesworth, in Suffolk, in 1817. His family removed to Glasgow on the appointment of Sir William to the Professorship of Botany in its University, where Hooker graduated as M.D. in 1839. As with Huxley, medicine was the one channel to biology; both started work in exploring-ships, Huxley in the "Rattlesnake," Hooker in the "Erebus," under Captain Ross, in his expedition to the Antarctic. His interests in that region were the Alpha and Omega of his life; he aided with purse and pen the fateful expedition under Captain Scott. The death of that "heroic sailor soul," and of that other "very gallant gentleman" who, with a wave of the hand to his comrades, passed to an unknown grave in the eternal snow, moved the nation to its depths. In 1846 Hooker was appointed Botanist to the Geological Survey of Great Britain; the next three years were spent in the Himalaya, and he added largely to our knowledge of the flora of that region. We seemed carried to a far-away time in reading that, on his return, when in Paris, he paid several visits to Humboldt, of whom—"a punchy little German"—he gives a graphic picture. Then followed a second journey to India, with adventure of captivity through a daring run into Tibet—not in search of Mahatmas! Travels, at intervals, in both hemispheres, garnered material for the solution of problems, notably of the geographical distribution of plants and of the origin of species. On the death of his father, who had been Director of Kew Gardens for a quarter of a century, and under whom he had served as assistant, he succeeded to the position, increasing the name and fame of the Gardens, from the Directorship of which he retired at the age of sixty-eight—not, however, to "slipper ease"; he acted on Luther's motto, "If I rest, I rust," and the twenty-five years that succeeded were crammed with activities of varied kind. Twenty pages of the second volume are filled with the list of his publications, all treating of the subject of which he was master. But he was free from the cramping chains of specialism, his interests were far-reaching, as shown, for example, in his letters on the relations between Buddhism and Christianity, and kindred topics. From the "fount of honor" there came certain dignities, but these were held in light esteem when contrasted with those bestowed by his fellow scientists, who crowned his labors in electing him to the Presidency of the Royal Society. He died in his sleep on 10th December, 1911, at the age of ninety-four.

Interest in his long career gathers chiefly round the leading part which he played in the defence and diffusion of the theory which has not merely changed, but entirely revolutionised every department of thought, and whose application as the key to man's intellectual and spiritual history has secured general acceptance. A marvellous reaction; since so deeply-rooted was the belief in the special creation of plants and animals, culminating in that of man, that, as late as 1844, Darwin, writing to Hooker, says, "Gleams have come, and I am almost convinced, quite contrary to the opinions I started with, that species are not (it is like confessing a murder) immutable." Hooker was Darwin's confidant during the long years of research which culminated in the publication in 1859 of that "glorious book," as Huxley called "The Origin of Species." The story of the "bolt from the blue," which in June, 1858, fell on Darwin in the paper from Alfred Russel Wallace, then in the Malay Archipelago, wherein Darwin found his own theory formulated "au pied de la lettre," has necessary reference in these volumes, as also that of the battle royal at the British Association Meeting at Oxford in 1860, when Hooker (who vividly describes the scene in a letter to Darwin) and Huxley demolished the specious arguments of Bishop Wilberforce, despite having Owen as his secret backer. There was no armistice; no truce; only a sure but slow retreat of the forces of obscurantism, varied by a slight offensive when, in 1894, in the same city, "home of lost causes," Lord Salisbury made a veiled attack, which Huxley, having to second a vote of thanks to him, could repel only by conveying "criticism in the shape of praise." "But," as he wrote to the present reviewer, "if we only had been in Section D!" One and all, the combatants have passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace," and

Westminster Abbey holds the ashes of Darwin among its illustrious dead.

Mr. Leonard Huxley adds to our indebtedness in his copious supply of useful footnotes on many more or less forgotten people who are mentioned in the text. And specially welcome, among the photographs, is that of Sir Joseph and Lady Hooker and of the venerable widow of Professor Huxley (she died in 1914), taken during their presence at the Darwin Centenary in 1909.

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A NATURALIST AND THE GEORGICS.

"The Beasts, Birds, and Bees of Virgil." By T. F. ROYDS. With a Preface by W. WARDE FOWLER. (Blackwell. 4s. 6d. net.)

HERE is a modest little book that really sets the mind on a fine vagrant journey among the poets and naturalists—Greek, Latin, and English; from Aristotle—much the best of the naturalists—to Tennyson—quite the most accurate of the poets. It is a book compact of learning, of charming quotation, of "humane" sentiment in the epithet's truest sense.

Naturalists are not *ex-officio* poets nor poets naturalists. Gilbert White's verse is the worst part of him. Tennyson's and Lord de Tabley's accuracies too often get in the way of their insight. They were better for some of Wordsworth's disregard of text books. Did anybody ever condense more "howlers" within a given space than Shakespeare (who nevertheless was still a poet!) in his passage on the community of the bees?

Exceptions may be found; but Virgil is perhaps the only good one. He was always both poet and naturalist, judging by the knowledge at his date. He loved his country home. His curiosity was the outcome of affection; and even when he translated from the Greek he had the picture of his Italian beast, bird, or insect before him. And his senses recorded vividly. You may trace in most poets the mastery of one single sense over the rest. Matthew Arnold, for example, exults in scents. Tennyson liked to peer closely. You can infer his strong but short-sighted eyes from a score of passages—the "black ashbuds," "rosy" larch "plumelets," and the rest. Shelley loved long-sighted views, and was a specialist on clouds. Keats was inspired by touch, as in his dying sonnet. Virgil loved all his senses, but perhaps his ear was the master. Every line of his verse sings and hums. In almost every great passage sound-words and phrases take a certain precedence. You hear the ox flop in his spondees, as well as the gulls' clamor. Yet when this is said, one is reminded of pictures so vivid that one is inclined to say, after all, that the eyes were as good as the ears. The attitudes of his animals are as actual as in that marvellous Italian picture in the National Gallery, where Procris dies in the midst of half-impossible birds and dogs.

This perfection and joy in the harvest of eye and ear made Virgil a naturalist. He saw the little differences. The triple classification of birds into "eagles, sparrows, and domestic fowls" was good enough for a modern Cockney, but not for Virgil. Yet his knowledge of species—perhaps even of varieties—was always more instinctive than conscious. When he wrote of the shore echoing (a good sound-word) the halcyon of the wood, the *acalanthis*, it is a question whether he had any definite species in his mind. It is surely quite out of place to discuss whether *acalanthis* means the willow wren, wood wren, or chiffchaff—the trio of warblers that puzzled White. Even our later nature poets meant any sort of bird by the linnet. Among French writers of to-day such a word as warbler is still thought quite good enough for any little bird that sings. Is there any proof or even indication whatever that Virgil knew one warbler from another or one gull from another, or that he had in his armory any words for the various species? And why only decide between the claims of English warblers? Italy has several other varieties. "Warbler" without further definition is certainly the truest translation. Are not Liddell and Scott unworthily criticised for

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the vagueness of their phrase, the "pendulous titmouse?" The adjective probably refers not to the bird, but to the nest of a particular species that is tolerably frequent in the South of Europe. Again, is it not hypocritical to argue that Virgil could never have seen the heron flying above the clouds? No bird climbs the air so straight as a heron or more exults in soaring on due occasion; and a poet would think of the bird as more than cloud-high when clouds blew up. Mr. Royds boldly supports the truth of a both Biblical and Virgilian superstition when he asserts that "a chestnut mare, put to a chestnut horse in the presence of a piebald pony, has been known to drop a piebald foal." Before such statements one can only use Mr. Dooley's argument—"It is not so." Such a miracle needs much more proof than it has ever received. Sometimes, though rarely, the pro-Virgilian argument suffers from under-statement. Gulls do not sometimes and "in stormy weather" feed in the fields. They do that every autumn; and the black-headed species is more a land bird than a sea bird in its habits. But these be weak details, debateable minutiae of a theme most lavishly and knowingly discussed. The chapter on the fourth Georgic, the greatest technical poem in any language, gives many delightful sidelights on the lore of the bee—from the Koran to Ticknor Edwardes. Mr. Royds, like his Master, seems to love the bee, which he believes to be too intellectual a creature to have been the issue of natural selection. It is a bold assertion; but who knows? In any case, it is refreshing to find a writer who can play the hero worshipper towards two such laudable objects as Virgil and the hive bee; and tell us new things about both.

THE TRUMP OF FICTION.

- "Karen." By Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK. (Collins. 6s. net.)
 "The Fire of Green Boughs." By Mrs. VICTOR RICKARD. (Duckworth. 6s. net.)
 "That Which Hath Wings." By RICHARD DEHAN. (Heinemann. 7s. net.)

WE reviewers have often thought among ourselves that some form of acknowledgment is due to the war-service of the novel. Fiction stands well by its age, and even the Press has hardly combated the disastrous *vis inertiae* of war-weariness with more consistent zeal. Possibly that zeal would be more effective, on the other hand, if it were not so attached to rear-guard action. That is, of course, no imputation upon the novel of scratching the back of Ares. We refer not to an unmanly (or unwomanly) or diffident, but an antiquarian spirit. Why, indeed, does the belligerent novel confine its offensive to 1914? It seems injudicious—as though even domestic enthusiasm were not so ebullient, and there was a shortage in the rue and nightshade supply to keep the pot a-boiling.

There is nothing pretentiously original about "Karen." She is one of a batch of English society girls who married a batch of German officers just before the war. It is impossible to discuss Mrs. Sidgwick's novel, since it is little else than an expanded leading article in the popular Press. Karen, it is true, takes genteel liberties with the ultra-social of the conventions; otherwise she does not appear to be planets removed from the anthropoid Teutons among whom she resides. That is a fault in Mrs. Sidgwick's propaganda, since her readers will miss the expected contrast between the bestial and the angelic. Electrical illumination and impenetrable darkness, not light and shade, would have suited the author's purpose better. It seems improbable, for instance, to the most devoted believer, not indeed that all Germans are the spawn of hell, and that they should be punished by as ferocious a Nationalism on the other reply that this is so much wood-chopping. Her remedy for the same breath. For which are they to be punished—their candor or their hypocrisy? Mrs. Sidgwick would no doubt reply that this is so much wood-chopping. Her remedy for both is at least unambiguous. "You know the kind of windy stuff (international friendship) that was spreading like an epidemic amongst the young before the war." She evidently feels, and justly, that there is little fear of it among the old.

Mrs. Rickard's novel is a too apt illustration of her title. To the last word, we never know which gets the better of it—the fire or the green boughs. Morris, with his noble views

about art, used to speak of "slur and shuffle" literature, and a book of such indefiniteness, half-purposes and confused, restless dualism such as this will please neither a human nor an artistic judgment. There are two central figures in it, an independent, townish young woman who gets into a scrape over a dying German naval officer, and a sort of fashionable, popular, mystical preacher. The latter is quite superfluous to the argument, plot, or atmosphere of the book. He moves about like a film on a hot day, a positive blur of a fellow, uttering the kind of eloquence we associate with Mr. Stephen Graham, washed over with a slight intellectual veneer. On the last page, we find him writing a sermon on endurance, which reminds one of what posterity will regard as the fabulous creatures (or monsters) who preach thrift to an income of a pound a week. The girl has more life in her, and the situation in which society makes her an outlaw for succouring a dying young German in Ireland, upon purely human motives, possesses a genuine dramatic interest. But the constant tugging both ways spoils the book and reduces a writer of more than average quality and feeling to an impotence which mechanical reach-me-down stuff might have avoided. It is not at all that Mrs. Rickard takes a severely detached view and spins her material impassively off her mind. She drifts helplessly among her figures, now at the bedside of the young officer who shoots himself in despair at the wickedness of the world, and cries:—"I hate them. I'd put gibbets up all over Europe, and hang every man who was over military age, and then there would be a clean world again," and now an admiring chorus in the drawing-rooms of non-combatant Berseks who talk, as they fall upon the *pêches Melba*, of people who are afraid of pain and blood and death, and would shoot women of "pro-German sympathies." Between these extremes, the author seems to sit and wring her hands, a sort of modern Twatsi, who can neither live with conviction nor without it.

There is a universality in "Richard Dehan's" books which is impressive. She does not write books, she reels through them. If you can imagine a Martian, gifted with abnormal sight but overcome by the potent liquor of his planet, casting his eyes over Earth and viewing society women, boy scouts, German spies, dop doctors, embattled armies, young women slangy and biblical in the same breath, viscounts, generals, Harley Street physicians, blood, diamonds, 18-carat hearts of gold, bombs, bands, dinner-tables, and motor-cars, all whirling round in a maniac velocity and throwing off a kind of spume or steam (i.e., the kind of style or idiom the impassioned author employs), then you will have some faint notion of the sensation of vertigo which the impressive universality of "That Which Hath Wings" inspires.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

- "My War Diary." By Mme. WADDINGTON. (Murray. 6s.)

MILLIONS of people keep diaries. Providence, being fairly liberal in its gift of self-consciousness, provides an antidote. Most keepers of diaries reach an age when they see that employment is provided for the dustman. About twice in a decade it happens that something good and rare in the form of an intimate diary, like Miss Enid Bagnold's recent volume, sees the public light. The reader was glad Miss Bagnold had not kept her thoughts to herself. Then there is the other kind of diary, like Mme. Waddington's, which makes the reader wonder. Miss Bagnold was only a poet who had not spent her life in courts and embassies. Perhaps, as things worked out, she had the advantage here over Mme. Waddington, who knows the great ones of Europe so intimately that one should be thankful for her kind approval of the French Chamber's testimony to Jaurès, who, "after all, according to his lights and conscience, was a patriot." There is a sense in which this diary has an historical value, for it provides, unconsciously, an unhappy picture of the gullibility of the public in the first years of the war. All the rumors of the day, together with the family doings, are duly set down: "The Tiffanys came to say they were going"; "Mrs. Watson, the rector's wife, came late. She was most interesting, telling curious stories of Americans of all classes

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An Appeal to the Conscience of the Nation.

From the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends.

For more than 250 years the Religious Society of Friends has endeavored first to learn and then to obey the will of God with regard to the part to be taken by the Society as a whole or by its members individually in public affairs. In the past this attitude has often involved opposition to the views which prevailed at the time and on rarer occasions has brought the Society into temporary conflict with the authority of the State. With regard to Public Worship, Marriage, and Oaths, the persistent stand taken by Friends has helped to secure religious freedom for all who desire to avail themselves of it.

To-day a similar stand is being made for freedom of conscience. Some 1,100 men are serving sentences with hard labor in prison because they are deemed to be soldiers, while their consciences absolutely forbid them so to regard themselves. Many of these men are serving their third or fourth sentence, nominally for disobedience to a military order, but actually because they have remained firm to those convictions which they have clearly stated to the Tribunals and Courts Martial before which they have been brought. A further 3,000 men have been transferred from prison to Home Office camps and settlements, where, though they have had some relief from the worst features of prison treatment, they are by no means free from penal conditions.

Our appeal to the conscience of the Nation is primarily concerned with the 1,100 men still in prison. Does imprisonment solve the problem set by these men who owe allegiance to a law higher than that of the State? Can their treatment be regarded with equanimity by any believer in religious freedom? A number of these prisoners have already served sentences totalling two years' hard labor and are still being sent back to prison with only a brief change to the barrack's guard room between the completion of one sentence and the beginning of the next.

On account of the severity of the conditions two years' hard labor is the maximum sentence of the kind permissible for aggravated crime. It is not the "hard labor" alone which constitutes the severity, but the accompanying conditions of solitary confinement, enforced silence, denial of any but the most limited communication with friends and relatives, together with meagre diet and insufficient air and exercise. The recent concessions afford only slight alleviation in cases where they apply.

These men have always expressed themselves as fully prepared to face the consequences of their action, and we believe that it is the power of God which has enabled them to endure all they have endured. Yet the stain on the conscience of the nation grows deeper, the longer it acquiesces in such persecution. Week by week men are being released because of physical or mental collapse. Some have died and others are suffering from serious mental derangement.

Can God-fearing men and women stand aside and allow this unnecessary suffering to continue? It is indeed only a drop in the great ocean of suffering caused by the war. But at this dark hour of its history the nation can ill afford to condone injustice or to lower its standard of moral right.

Signed in and on behalf of London Yearly Meeting.

JOHN H. BARLOW, Clerk.

29th May, 1918.

Copies of this Appeal for free distribution can be obtained on application to the "Appeal Secretary," Society of Friends, 136, Bishopsgate, E.C. 2.

stranded here (France) at the beginning of the war. The Ambassador and Mrs. Herrick, Sir H. L., and Pauline de B. dined." This will help future generations to realise the war. "The Russians seem to have annihilated the Austrians. . . . I don't think they will find it so easy with the Germans, who will certainly make a desperate resistance before Berlin." "I dined out to-night—a rare occurrence in these times—with Sir Henry—to meet Lord and Lady Robert Cecil. He is over here with the British Red Cross Society. . . . The talk was interesting. I really think the British hate the Germans more than we do. We spoke of old times, and Hatfield, of course, when all were young men, unmarried and at home, and a very cheerful, united family party they were; and all so clever." With the talk of this high level, it must have been a really nice evening. It is said, in a friendly introduction to the book, that we realise in closing it how much history we have absorbed "in a Jourdainesque kind of ignorance." So there is that about it. Let it be said that Mme. Waddington does feel the war as a calamity, and is successful, in rare moments, of conveying by a picture of distress her sense of its horror.

* * *

"The Lau Islands, and Other Fairy Tales and Folk-lore."
By T. R. ST. JOHNSTON. ("The Times" Book Club.)

REFERRING to a book of his which was the result of his personal investigation of a problem of the tropics, a writer the other day confessed sadly to this reviewer that his book had been reviewed only too well. "Some critics," he said, "said it was the work of an artist. That damned it. People have a lurking suspicion that artists are skilful liars. They believe, and perhaps they are partly right, that the truth is never pure unless it is spoken unconsciously by fools." It may be we are so used to getting "gold-bricks" that we are not going to believe the real thing when we see it. Anyhow, we are bound to confess, whatever harm we may do, that this South Sea book is the work of an artist. It is slight and fragmentary, and is mainly concerned with the folk-lore of these far oceanic dots. Its author has an intense curiosity for what is in the dark at the back of the mind, and biology is as simple as lacing one's boots compared to the task of one who seeks with enthusiasm, but in the right, wary, and scientific spirit, the origins and wanderings of fairy tales. But Mr. St. Johnstone obviously knows what he is about, so this is a book to be kept, and not borrowed. Incidentally, that chapter of his, "Night Scene on Nayau Island," is a delightful bit of descriptive writing.

* * *

"Finance and Trade under Edward III." Edited by GEORGE UNWIN. (Manchester: University Press. London: Longmans. 15s.)

HISTORIANS and writers of romance are fond of the period of Edward III. Covering such a space of time it presents an inexhaustible field for research. It saw three visitations of pestilence, including the Black Death, the opening of the Hundred Years' War, Poitiers, military victories and disasters, and economic and constitutional developments on a scale which make it comparable in interest and importance with any period of history. As Professor Unwin says, the beginning and end of the reign lie in different worlds, and the contrast is not less striking than that between the opening and close of the Victorian era. This book contains studies, each based on a thesis prepared for the history schools at Manchester University, and covers most of the ground which a student of social affairs would wish to examine in dealing with the fifty years of Edward III.'s reign. There are eight studies: "Social Evolution in Medieval London," "London Tradesmen and their Creditors," "Estate of Merchants," each by Professor Unwin; the "London Lay Subsidy of 1332," by Margaret Curtis; the "Societies of the Bardi and the Peruzzi, and their Dealings with Edward III.," by Ephraim Russell; "Taxation of Wool, 1327-1348," by Frederick R. Barnes; "Wine Trade with Gascony," by Frank Sergeant; and "Calais under Edward III.," by Dorothy Greaves.

* * *

"Homesteading: Two Prairie Seasons." By EDWARD WEST. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

WITH not the least shadow of a desire ever to plough the prairie lands of Canada, we have read this book with an

interest which did not flag from beginning to end. It is a plain, unromantic story of the hard work of two settlers in Saskatchewan, who made grain grow on land where, for thousands of years, Indians and wild animals had ranged. It makes no claim to your regard as literature, being intended merely as a straightforward guide for the intended settler to the sort of life he may expect. Having no axe to grind on behalf of railway companies, banks, and manufacturers, the writer offers no shining prospect of enormous wealth as the reward of struggle, but he lures the reader with a vision of wide horizons, abounding fields of wheat, and a life removed till yesterday from the fate which dynasts and imperialists reserve for the unwary.

The Week in the City.

THE success of the Franco-American counter offensive had of course, a good effect on the Stock Exchange. But markets quietened down on Wednesday, partly owing to the serious trouble that has broken out in the engineering trade in the Midlands. The sinking of the big White Star liner "Justicia," announced on that day was also an unpleasant reminder of the continued existence of the submarine peril. Mr. Crisp's speech in the City has given some encouragement to holders of Russian Securities, and the news of another German overture, this time through Spain, affords support to the optimists who look for peace this autumn. French Fives, after a considerable spurt, re-acted to 80 on Wednesday, but Russian Fives were maintained at 51, though Russian Mines weakened, in consequence of profit taking. Italian Exchange is now nearly 43 lire to the one pound note, which only equals 17½ Spanish pesetas, so that the peseta is now worth more than double the lira. The Petrograd exchange is still quite nominal, but advices from Japan speak of another slump in the rouble, owing to the active use of the printing press by the various Governments of Russia. The German mark has been falling again; 100 marks will now only buy 67 Swiss francs in Berne. Our one pound note by the way is now worth less than 19 francs in Switzerland. Last week the sale of War Bonds was satisfactory, as it ran to over 30 millions. The tax-compounded War Loan is very popular, and now stands at 103, at which price the yield is about 3½ per cent. National War Bonds, allowing for redemption, yield 5½ per cent. Thursday's Bank Return showed another improvement in reserve.

BRITISH PORTLAND CEMENT.

After the somewhat gloomy remarks made by the Chairman at last year's meeting, the report of the British Portland Cement Manufacturers for the year ended April 30th last, must make pleasant reading for shareholders. As will be seen from the summary of results below, profits since the war gradually fell away until the last year when they rose to the pre-war figure; trading profits being only £1,600 below the 1913-14 level, while the amount available for distribution was £10,000 higher:—

	1913-14	1914-15	1915-16	1916-17	1917-18
Trading Profit	£ 330,400	£ 285,100	£ 256,800	£ 254,100	£ 328,900
Interest, &c.	79,900	56,700	86,000	85,800	97,400
Depreciation	51,800	42,000	42,500	42,400	63,000
	198,700	146,400	128,500	125,900	168,500
Brought Forward	32,600	64,300	70,800	73,200	73,000
	231,300	210,700	199,300	199,100	241,500
Preference Div.	70,300	70,800	70,800	70,800	70,800
Ordinary Div.	96,700	69,100	55,300	55,300	83,000
	(7%)	(5%)	(4%)	(4%)	(6%)
Carried Forward	64,300	70,800	73,200	73,000	87,700

Depreciation reserve is credited with £50,000 as against £40,000 a year ago, and £10,000 goes to "Sack reserve." The allowance for income tax adjustment is £15,000 as against £3,000. The ordinary dividend is raised from 4 to 6 per cent., the balance carried forward being £14,700 higher. The report states that on April 4th last, the Army Council required the whole cement production of the United Kingdom to be placed at its disposal, and on May 11th, prohibited the export of cement until further notice.

FIRST RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

The Home Railway dividend season opened well at the end of last week with the announcements of the Great Eastern and the Midland, both of which declared higher rates. The Great Eastern pays 1 per cent. on the Ordinary Stock as against 10s. per cent., but a footnote is added to the effect that the increase is made "with a view to a better apportionment of the revenue between the interim and financial dividends, and must not be taken as an indication of a larger dividend for the year." The Midland pays 3½ per cent. per annum on the Deferred Converted Ordinary, an increase of ½ per cent. If this is followed by a corresponding increase in the final distribution, the dividend for the year would be brought back to the pre-war rate, namely 4½ per cent. The market is evidently of the opinion that these announcements are the forerunners of further increases, for prices all round have been moved up.

LUCILLUM.

